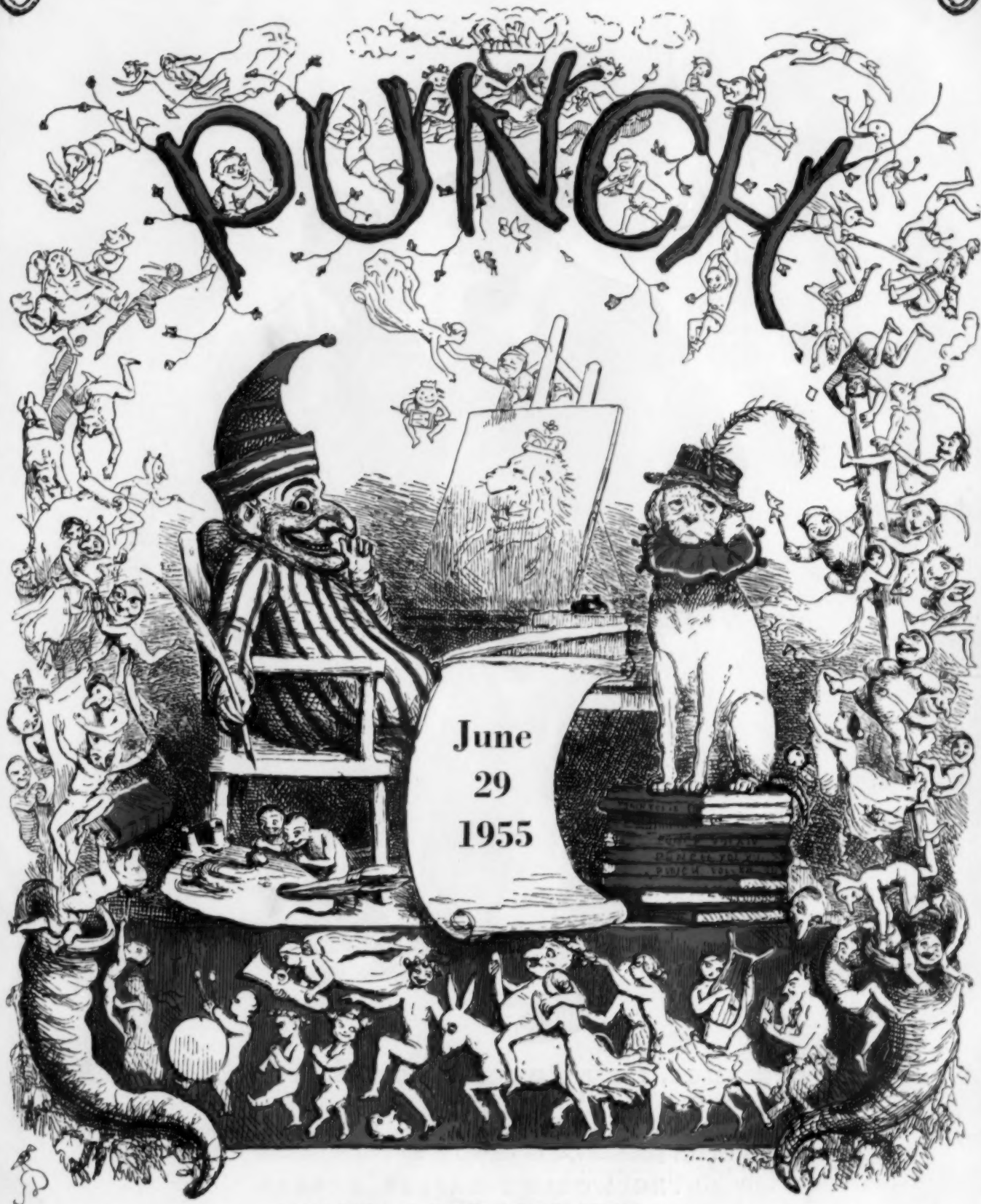


6

PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 29 1955

6



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



His crowded day depends on LOCKHEED

REGD. TRADEMARK

The industrialist of to-day has many appointments to keep. He must have implicit confidence both in the high performance of his car, and in the complete reliability of its brakes.

THE WORLD'S SAFEST BRAKES

For a sweet aperitif

better drink



MARTINI

vermouth

**Here's the
Perfect Recipe**

- A glass of Martini Sweet Vermouth,
- well chilled and with a twist of
- lemon peel makes the perfect
- aperitif before lunch or dinner.
- (In a bar ask for
- 'A Sweet Martini Vermouth')

You'll enjoy motoring as never before . . .

in the Brilliant



PATHFINDER



The most exhilarating, most satisfying motoring you have ever known awaits you at the wheel of the Riley Pathfinder. From the first sight of this fine car you will thrill to its clean aerodynamic lines and low build, which combined with the unique Riley suspension gives a sureness in roadholding and cornering that is outstanding even by Riley standards. The Pathfinder is not only 'the best Riley yet' but also the most spacious and luxurious. It carries six people in deep-seated comfort. Real hide upholstery is standard. So is a very wide range of auxiliary equipment to make your motoring safer and much more enjoyable. This is a car you must inspect for yourself. Your Riley dealer will gladly give you the opportunity.

Price: £875. 0. 0d. plus £365.14.2 P.T.

The Riley Pathfinder is fitted with Safety Glass all round.

Service in Europe — Riley owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Riley Dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.



REMEMBER — Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

RILEY for Magnificent Motoring

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: RILEY CARS, 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1 Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports, Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



To Investors

This mark stands for security, a fair rate of interest, simple procedure, and easy withdrawal facilities.

To Borrowers

A complete mortgage service for house purchasers, including expert advice and prompt courteous service.

Write for booklets, 'Savings and Investments' and 'Pride of Ownership'.

LEICESTER PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY

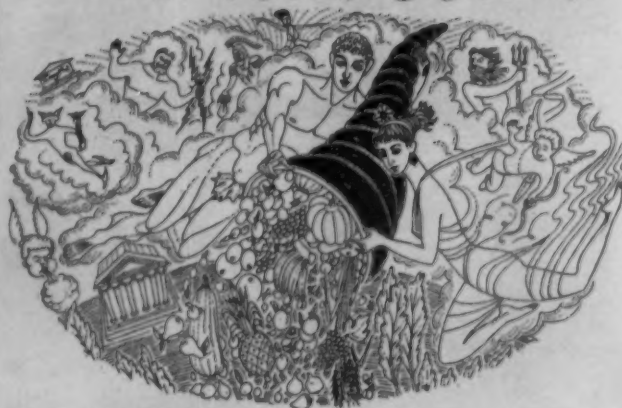
Head Office: WELFORD HOUSE, LEICESTER. Tel.: 22264 (3 lines)

London Office: FITZHERBERT HOUSE, 49 PARK LANE, W.1

Tel.: MAYfair 6021 (3 lines)

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

ANGOSTURA adds **ZEST** to Foods & Drinks



ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS

E.G. TRY this...

Rising at eight, or rising eighty, give the new-born day new sparkle by sprinkling ANGOSTURA on your MORNING GRAPEFRUIT.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS (Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons) Ltd. Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

"Now tell me how you like my coffee"



Dress by Horrockses

LYONS
for
REAL COFFEE

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-
ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason... Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is immediately aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. It is the freshest coffee you can buy.





"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURE" Oil Painting by Keith Vaughan
 No. 11 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD

Brotherton

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites,
 liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine. Makers of an extensive range
 of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1.

Telephone: Leeds 2-9321 • Telegrams: "Brotherton, Leeds".

'Viyella'
Longsox 7/9

Self-supporting.
Nylon-spliced
at toes and heels.
Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
comfort.



'Viyella' Sox 6/9

Nylon for
toes and heels.
'Viyella' for
health and
comfort.

takes care

'Viyella' Gamesox 5/9

Ankle-length.
Self-supporting.
Refreshingly cool
in the hottest
of weather.



of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE

STAPLES
'CANTILEVER TABLE'
has 100 uses in the Home



Table top veneered in Oak,
Mahogany or Walnut.

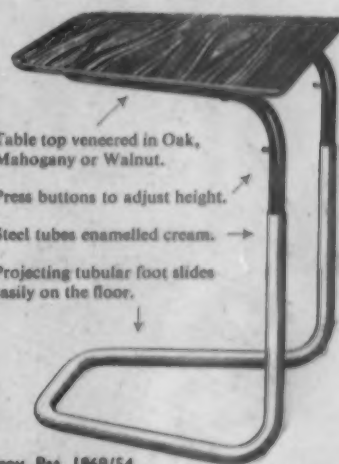


Press buttons to adjust height.

Steel tubes enamelled cream.



Projecting tubular foot slides
easily on the floor.



Prov. Pat. 1869/54

The table is adjustable in height
to suit your chair or bed.

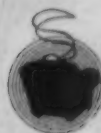
PRICE **£3.17.6**

From your local furnisher or write to

STAPLES & CO LTD · CRICKLEWOOD · LONDON · NW2



SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO



CURLING up to the
ceiling the smoke clouds

of your Sobranie Virginia take into
thin air the cares of office and the
frets of home. Here now is all peace
and quiet, a mellow contentment
that is the benison of a cigarette to
which three generations of one
gifted family have devoted their all.
You see a different and a much happier
world through the smoke rings of

SOBRANIE VIRGINIA

N.B. Sobranie Virginia
cigarettes are priced from
4/- for 20

Write for new catalogue to
SOBRANIE LIMITED
136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1





Insist on
KUNZLE Art Dessert

... like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham, England

M-W. 72



"And now for the master touch — SALT! So important to choose only the very, very best. The right amount sets the final seal of perfection on all good meals. CEREBOS, of course!"

Phil Starbuck



Barrie Scottish knitwear is the concern of the Bordermen of Hawick whose sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and lambswools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as swansdown and a summer's cloud, infused with tints of nature's gentle palette, these contemporary classics are born only of skill and time-won knowledge.

Barrie
Regd.
KNITWEAR

BARRIE & KENSEL LTD. • HAWICK • SCOTLAND

**FLOODLIT
VISIBLE
COOKING**

The Belling "Streamline" is superb both in appearance and performance. It has a full-size inner glass door which takes all the guesswork out of cooking. Moreover, the oven is automatically floodlit when the outer door is open so that you really can see what's cooking! All the controls are so simple, there is nothing complicated about Belling electric cooking.

Automatic oven control.
Extra large oven—clear cooking space 15" w. × 13" d. × 16" h.
Automatic simmering controls on grill, boiler and 2 boiling plates. Fold-down hob cover forms useful table top. Available on wheels for easy cleaning 55/- extra.
And it costs only **£49.10.0.**



See one at your Electrical Shop or Showroom

FREE! Write to Belling & Co. Ltd. Bridge Works, Enfield, Middx., for 64-page colour catalogue of Belling electric fires and cookers—it's full of useful information about electricity in the home.

you can't beat a
"Belling"

CRC 155

Servis
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

YOUR WASHING



The way to modern living

Fortitude

This reproduction is from an original Watercolour by S. Agnew Mercer, F.R.S.A., whose work adorns the walls of Famous Buildings in Great Britain, and the sketch is one of a series of twelve.



The

A BRITISH GARMENT OF FINE QUALITY



SHIRT

For Long and Pleasurable Service

Edinburgh Castle looks down upon Scotland's loveliest city from a narrow neck of hard volcanic rock many thousands of years old. In this coloured impression which depicts an unusual view of the steep western face, it speaks of those qualities of fortitude and determination, for which the Scots are world famous.

The creators of Valusta Shirts are masters of the technique of shirtmaking, with over half a century's experience. These shirts are exquisitely made by craftsmen from the finest sea island poplin and exclusive shirtings. Here is real comfort and elegance from the House of Valentine Stubbs. Valusta Shirts will be found everywhere, as the foundation of the well-dressed gentleman.

A. Valentine Stubbs Ltd., Empire Factory, Royston, Yorkshire.

Punch, June 29 1955



Company Meeting

KANGOL LIMITED

BUSINESS VOLUME SHOWS MARKED EXPANSION

SUBSTANTIAL DEVELOPMENT EXPENDITURE

MR. J. SPREIREGEN'S CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE

The Third Annual General Meeting of Kangol Limited was held on June 28 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. Mr. J. SPREIREGEN, Chairman and Joint Managing Director, presided.

The following is his statement, which had been circulated with the report and accounts:—

I have pleasure in presenting the Directors' report and accounts for the financial year ended December 31, 1954.



TRADING RESULTS

You will observe that the trading results for 1954 show a slight improvement over the previous year. The volume of business, however, has expanded markedly. The amount of goods despatched to the home and overseas markets show an increase of 11.6 per cent over 1953.

The reasons why the profits have not risen in the same ratio is due to three factors. The first is the lower prevailing prices—particularly in a

number of export markets where competition from Continental manufacturers, whose exports in most cases are subsidized by their Governments, is very keen. The value of goods sold showed a small decline of 2.3 per cent compared with the previous year—in spite of the larger volume and wider range of merchandise. These additional sales have, however, enabled us to keep our factories working at full pressure and the larger output helped to keep costs down. Furthermore, the higher volume of despatches resulted in a substantial fall of stocks—the value of which at December 31, 1954, was £188,660, as compared with £269,480 at the end of 1953.

The second factor to be borne in mind is that during 1954 three of our operating companies developed new lines and a substantial amount of money was expended on these developments. In particular



in our plastic division which we started from scratch—and where we manufacture a fibreglass crash-helmet. The Kangol Helmet has been acclaimed as the finest safety helmet so far produced. Orders have been mounting since the beginning of this year and with the company's world-wide distribution channels, the board is hopeful of building up a very useful addition to our range of products.

The other successful and novel products are the Carricap and the Kangol Cap, a seamless cap on which the company has obtained patents and the design of which has been registered. Here again, these products have been warmly

received by the public and the trade has given us their fullest support. Sales since the New Year have climbed rapidly.

We have also built up—side by side with the men's fur felt industry at the Carrick factory in Carlisle—a section for women's hats, and

the developments in this line are continuing apace, making another valuable addition to our range of products.

The third factor is the additional expenditure in advertising and promoting these new lines and in supporting the powerful selling efforts necessary in the face of growing competition all round.

The results are already apparent and the increase in the volume of goods despatched in the first quarter of this year is to the order of 12.9 per cent.



THE ACCOUNTS

I will now turn to the accounts.

The consolidated balance-sheet reflects net assets of the group of £305,455 at December 31, 1954, compared with £254,813 last year. The excess of current assets over liabilities has improved from £32,055 to £111,684. This is in part due to the sale of our property at Hampstead and Fitzroy Square, on which latter property we have been granted a long lease.

The net profit of the group, after taxation, amounts to £71,182 which is an increase of over 50 per cent on the previous year. After paying the final dividend of 17½ per cent, making a total of 30 per cent for the year, the unappropriated profits carried forward amount to £85,105 as compared with £39,329 at the end of 1953.

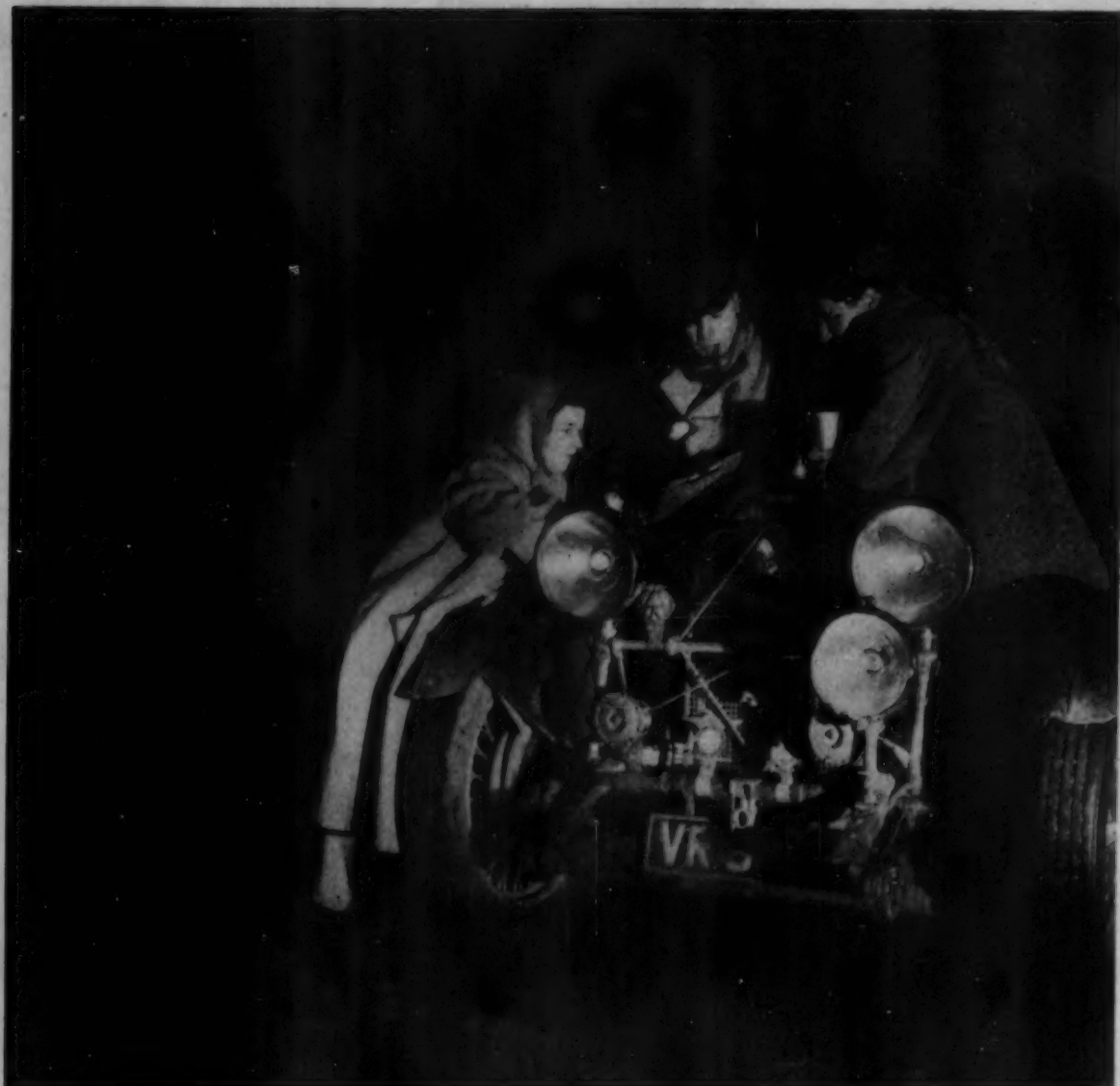
In view of the wider range of goods we are now producing we have every reason to hope that our turnover will rise still further and we look with confidence to the development of our various enterprises.

I trust you will consider the results achieved this year as satisfactory and I should like to take this opportunity of conveying on behalf of the shareholders and board our thanks to the members of the staff of the operating companies for their services rendered during this year.

The report and accounts were adopted and the final dividend, as recommended, was approved.

The retiring Director, Mr. E. A. Fooks, was re-elected and, the other ordinary business having been transacted, the proceedings terminated.





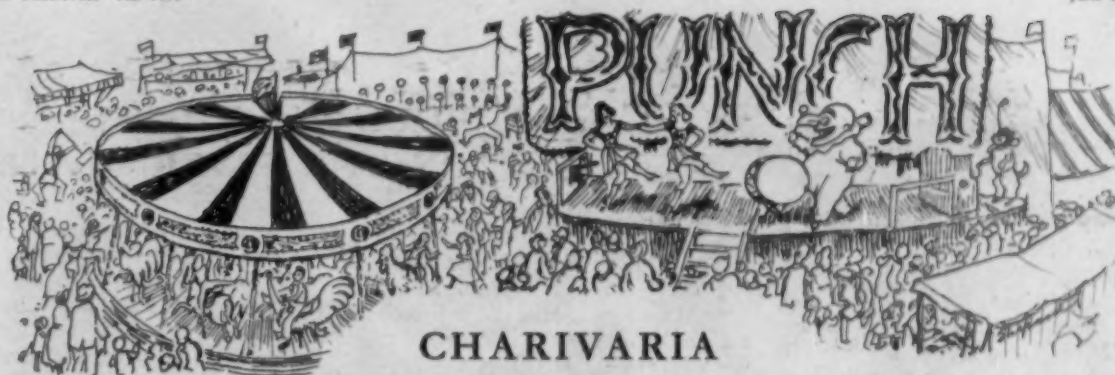
Minutes saved . . .



. . . three minutes in hand, best used for a quick cup of coffee; for there's nothing like good coffee to keep you on the alert. There's nothing like Nescafé for making perfect coffee—stimulating, reviving, full of roaster-fresh goodness. Nescafé is all pure coffee, made to dissolve instantly, so that you can't go wrong in the making! Many people are taking to Nescafé for all their coffee nowadays. Not only because it's so convenient and economical, but because Nescafé ensures that every cup is perfectly made, *freshly* made.

there's always time for **NESCAFÉ**

100% PURE COFFEE



CHARIVARIA

A LEADING trade unionist has pointed out that in the automation age (it dawned last week) unions would insist on "the maintenance at previous wage levels of those who would not be absorbed." Managements should not be too seriously upset by this. Naturally, it means the installation of machinery at fabulous expense without a farthing's compensatory saving in labour costs, but at any rate strikes will take on a new and pleasing innocuousness. Workers will simply stretch out at home in their own easy chairs, instead of in those compulsorily provided along the walls of the machine shop.

Thaw

THE plague spots of the world are healing. With the Austrian Treaty signed, a new benevolence in the Kremlin, the Kenya troubles abating,



good progress in Germany and a lull over Formosa the peoples of the world can sit back in the assurance that something frightful will brew up any day now.

Arc of Fire

CONGRATULATIONS are naturally showering on the democratic *Sunday Express* over the latest readership survey figures, showing that only 560,000 readers are in the "well-to-do" class, while three and a half millions earn less than £450 a year. There is some doubt, however, about which section Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle is writing for, in a few short paragraphs squeezing in references to Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Princess Anne, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Hon.

Diána Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Herbert, the Duchess of Argyll, Sir Laurence Olivier, Gwen Lady Melchett, Lady Diana de Hosszu, the Duke of Kent, Lady Douglas, Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent, the Guards Boat Club Ball and a forthcoming attraction in the *Junior Express*.

Natural Causes

SOCIALIST inquests on the general election still drag on. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, at Derby, blamed the result on poor party organization. At West



Ham, Mr. Anthony Greenwood thought the trouble was that people were better off at the time of the 1955 election than they were in 1951. Dr. Edith Summer-skill told a Rotherham audience that full employment had "blurred the vision" of the workers. Up to date, no one seems to have diagnosed a deficiency of votes as the cause of death.

Lonely Furrow

Mr. U Nu's recent presence in London did not provoke much excitement in the public generally, many of whom even failed to realize that under his more familiar title of Thakin Nu he is daily on the lips of innumerable fare-collecting bus conductors. He is a man of unique quality, however, judging from a Sunday paper article which sums up his political aspirations by saying that "his neutralism is not directed against anyone."

Middle of the Road

KENNETH HOWARTH, the young Barnsley engine cleaner who chose to

flout his union's strike order and was severely cold-shouldered by his striking colleagues, turned back for home one day when he found newspapermen lying in wait for him. "Kenneth refuses to go to work," explained his mother, "so long as photographers persist in taking his picture." At any rate this should show fellow workers that the lad has no ambitions to work up to a trade union boss, either.

Let-Down

RECENT newspaper reports of wealthy touring capitalists being obliged to stream off crewless British liners dragging their own luggage must have given great satisfaction to Marxists everywhere, and there is sure to have been much delighted quoting of the *Observer* article beginning: "Two hundred great grey beasts, piggy little eyes peering, trunks sweeping the grass..." It almost seems a shame that the occasion under review was only an elephant parade before the Prime Minister of South Vietnam.

Now Watch Me

WIMBLEDON players have been warned by the Lawn Tennis Association against writing for the Press. There is still



nothing, however, to stop the omniscient critics abandoning their sports pages for the Centre Court.

Willing Workers

CIVIL Defence recruiting is still causing some anxiety to the thinking public, but the news that the Home Secretary is to create a new senior post

of Regional Civil Defence Officer in each of the Regions, and a post of Civil Defence Officer for Wales, has the promise of reassurance for the new Regional Civil Defence Officers in each of the Regions, and for the new Civil Defence Officer for Wales.

Bouquet, Please

A HOME OFFICE announcement says that Major Lloyd George has thanked the police for their efforts during the railway strike, and a G.P.O. announcement says that the Postmaster-General



has thanked the Post Office staff for theirs. It has not yet been decided who is to propose the vote of thanks to the public.

Just Enough

EMERGENCY restrictions were removed as soon as possible after the dust had settled in Buenos Aires, and though the ban on gatherings of more than two persons remained, permission was given for the holding of funerals. A contradiction in official policy was thus narrowly avoided.

"Normal Service Will Be . . ." etc.

NEXT month's special treat from Lime Grove will be a version of the American programme in which someone appears before the cameras and is unexpectedly confronted with forgotten characters from his past life; the result is said to be "devastating for the victim and excruciatingly intriguing for the viewers." At the moment details have not been settled, but it is thought that Mr. Ronald Waldman, as head of Television Light Entertainment, may appear before the cameras and be unexpectedly confronted with Lord Reith.

Reshuffle

OUT into the darkness with Mikardo, Crossman, Castle;
The rest, for no known cause, are longer lasting,
But will they ever get,
A shadow cabinet,
That casts a shadow really worth the casting?



From Our Own Correspondent

TOTAL clarification of the inside story of recent "adjustments" to the situation here did not reach me until nearly 4 a.m. this morning when Lt. Franklin D. O'Higgins—well-known leader of the Anti-Catholic Vatican Party—told listeners to a secret radio in Toronto that the situation was "more in hand than on Sunday, but lacking definition at the edges."

Everything, it was stated, is more normal than ever. Informed circles are inclined to be critical of the foreign press which saw in the "bombing" of the presidential palace material for what is frankly described here as "sensationalism."

The Lieutenant, whose real name was subsequently revealed as General Lucero—not, of course, the well-known General Lucero—is an alleged brother-in-law of an unavowed cousin of the late Evita Peron, a circumstance which informed circles have long realized to be fully explanatory of his attitude to everything at all times.

I understand that a technical fault possibly caused by bombing, machine-gun fire, and a certain amount of misunderstanding on the part of the police, was responsible for the interruption of earlier messages in which the Lieutenant-General explained in detail the grounds

ROUND THE BEND ON THE RIVER PLATE

for what may be described as the "successful failure" of his movement, which only the most irresponsible speculator would seek at this moment to evaluate.

"The rain," stated the Lieutenant-General, who according to reliable reports has been demoted to the rank of Corporal and Acting-Deputy-Premier, more or less in charge, "came absolutely pelting down. Never saw such weather."

He added, in a phrase which may well become the most accurate estimate of the Argentine situation yet made by anyone within a thousand miles of the capital: "It was rather bad for us."

Although officials at the British Embassy were without information their view was that as time goes on it will be likely to become apparent whether what is here officially termed "the Army" or what, in certain circles sometimes apt to apply to Argentine affairs terms which are not readily translatable, is loosely referred to as "the Navy," will carry the day against the combined forces of General Peron, who has, as readers of this correspondence are aware, for some years been described as "the President of Argentina."

I am able to deny reports circulating last week in Paraguay that either Pandit Nehru or Marshal Tito have at any time offered more than purely nominal support to the Communist Party, which after its alleged dissolution became inaccurately known as the "Decamisados," or "Shirtless Ones," on the ground that its shirt had been lost on an outside chance.

This last is a fair specimen of rumours circulating in Chile to-night, all wild and most of them true.

All British residents, other than those normally in gaol, are safe and enjoying a marked degree of democratic freedom.



Newest Parlour Game Provokes Roars

"Mr. Clement Attlee got a plate of salad for Mrs. Attlee, then had to walk about with her handbag in his hand while she tried to eat it."—*Evening Standard*



"FRIEND OR FOE?"



The Abominable Mr. Gunn

By ROBERT GRAVES

ONE Monday morning in September, 1910, the abominable Mr. J. O. G. Gunn, master of the third Form at Brown Friars, trod liverishly down the aisle between two rows of pitch-pine desks and grasped the short hairs just above my right ear. Mr. Gunn, pale, muscular and broad-faced, kept his black hair plastered close to the scalp with a honey-scented oil. He announced to the form, as he lifted me up a few inches: "And now Professor Graves will display his wondrous erudition by discoursing on the first Missionary Journey of St. Paul." (*Laughter*)

I discoursed haltingly, my mind being as usual a couple of stages ahead of my tongue, so that my tongue said "Peter" when I meant "Paul," and "B.C." when I meant "A.D.," and "Crete" when I meant "Cyprus." It still

plays this sort of trick, which often makes my conversation difficult to follow and is now read as a sign of incipient senility. In those days it did not endear me to Mr. Gunn...

After the disaster at Syracuse, one Athenian would often ask another: "Tell me, friend, what has become of old So-and-so?" and the invariable answer came: "If he is not dead, he is schoolmastering." I can wish no worse fate to Mr. J. O. G. Gunn—father of all the numerous sons-of-guns who have since sneered at my "erudition" and cruelly caught at my short hairs—than that he is still exercising his profession at the age of eighty-plus; and that each new Monday morning has found him a little uglier and a little more liverish than before.

Me erudite? I am not even decently well read. What reading I have done

from time to time was never a passive and promiscuous self-exposure to the stream of literature, but always a search for particular facts to nourish, or to scotch, some obsessive maggot that had gained a lodgment in my head. And now I shall reveal an embarrassing secret which I have kept from the world since those nightmare days.

One fine summer evening as I sat alone on the roller behind the cricket pavilion, I received a sudden celestial illumination and found that I knew everything. I remember letting my mind range rapidly over all its familiar subjects of knowledge; only to find that this was no foolish fancy. I did know everything. To be plain: though conscious of having come less than a third of the way along the path of formal education, and being weak in mathematics, shaky in Greek grammar, and

hazy about English history, I nevertheless held the key of truth in my hand, and could use it to open any lock of any door. Mine was no religious or philosophical theory, but a simple method of looking sideways at disorderly facts so as to make perfect sense of them.

I slid down from the roller, wondering what to do with my embarrassing gift. Whom could I take into my confidence? Nobody. Even my best friends would say "You're mad!" and either send me to Coventry or organize my general scrapping, or both; and soon some favour-courier would sneak to Mr. Gunn, which would be the end of everything. It occurred to me that perhaps I had better embody the formula in a brief world-message, circulated anonymously to the leading newspapers. In that case I should have to work under the bedclothes after dark, by the light of a flash-lamp, and use the cipher I had recently perfected. But I remembered my broken flash-lamp bulb, and the difficulty of replacing it until the next day. No: there was no immediate hurry. I had everything securely in my head. Again I experimented, trying the key on various obstinate locks; they all clicked and the doors opened smoothly. Then the school bell rang from a distance, calling me to preparation and prayers.

Early the next day I awoke to find that I still had a fairly tight grasp of my secret; but a morning's lessons intervened, and when I then locked myself into the lavatory, and tried to record it on the back of an old exercise book, my mind went too fast for my pen, and I began to cross out—a fatal mistake—and presently crumpled up the page and pulled the chain on it. That night I tried again under the bedclothes, but the magic had evaporated and I could get no farther than the introductory sentence.

My vision of truth did not recur, though I went back a couple of times to sit hopefully on the roller; and before long doubts tormented me, gloomy doubts about a great many hitherto stable concepts: such as the authenticity of the Gospels, the perfectibility of man and the absoluteness of the Protestant moral code. All that survived was an after-glow of the bright light in my head, and the certainty that it had been no delusion. This is still with me, for I now realize that what overcame me that

evening was a sudden infantile awareness of the power of intuition, the supra-logic that cuts out all routine processes of thought and leaps straight from problem to answer.

How easily this power is blunted by hostile circumstances Mr. Gunn demonstrated by his treatment of one F. F. Smilley, a new boy, who seems, coincidentally, to have had a vision analogous to mine, though of a more specialized sort. Smilley came late to Brown Friars; he had been educated at home until the age of eleven because of some illness or other. It happened on his first entry into the Third Form that Mr. Gunn set us a problem from Hilderbrand's *Arithmetic for Preparatory Schools*, which was to find the square root of the sum of two long decimals, divided (just for cursedness) by the sum of two complicated vulgar fractions. Soon everyone was scribbling away except F. F. Smilley, who sat there abstractedly polishing his glasses and gazing out of the window.

Mr. Gunn looked up for a moment from a letter he was writing and asked nastily: "Seeking inspiration from the distant church spire, Smilley?"

"No, sir. Polishing my glasses."

"And why, pray?"

"They had marmalade on them, sir."

"Don't answer me back, boy! Why aren't you working out that sum?"

"I have already written down the answer, sir."

"Bring your exercise-book here! . . . Ah, yes, here is the answer, my very learned and ingenious friend Sir Isaac Newton" — tweaking the short hairs — "but where is it worked out?"

"Nowhere, sir; it just came to me."

"Came to you, F. F. Smilley,

my boy? You mean you hazarded a wild guess?"

"No, sir, I just looked at the problem and saw what the answer must be."

"Ha! A strange psychical phenomenon! But I must demand proof that you did not simply turn to the answer at the end of the book."

"Well, I did do that afterwards, sir."

"The truth now slowly leaks out."

"But it was wrong, sir. The last two figures should be 35, not 53."

"Curiouser and curiouser! Here's a Brown Friars' boy in the Third Form who knows even better than Professor Hilderbrand, Cambridge's leading mathematician."

"No, sir, I think it must be a misprint."

"So you and Professor Hilderbrand are old friends? You seem very active in his defence."

"No, sir, I have met him, but I didn't like him very much."

F. F. Smilley was sent at once to the headmaster with a note: "Please cane bearer for idleness, lying, cheating and gross impertinence"—which the headmaster, who had certain flaws in his character, was delighted to do. I cannot tell the rest of the story with much confidence, but my impression is that Mr. Gunn won, as he had already



won in his battle against J. X. Bestard-Montéry, whose Parisian accent when he was called upon to read *Maitre Corbeau sur un arbre perché* earned him the name of "frog-eating mountebank" and a severe knuckling on the side of the head. Bestard was forced to put a hard Midland polish on his French.

Mr. Gunn, in fact, gradually beat down F. F. Smilley's resistance by assiduous hair-tweakings, knucklings and impositions; and compelled him to record all mathematic argument in the laborious way laid down by Professor Hilderbrand. No more looking out of the window, no more guessing at the answer.

Whether the cure was permanent I cannot say, because shortly before the end of that school-year the Chief of County Police gave the Headmaster twenty-four hours to leave the country (the police were more gentlemanly in those Edwardian days), and Brown Friars broke up in confusion. I have never since heard of F. F. Smilley. Either he was killed in World War I, or else he is schoolmastering somewhere. Had he made his mark in higher mathematics we should surely have heard of it. Unless, perhaps, he is so much of a back-room boy, so much the arch-wizard of the mathematic-formula department on which Her Majesty's nuclear physicists depend for their bombs and piles, that the Security men have changed his name, disguised his features by plastic surgery, speech-trained him into alien immigrance, and suppressed his civic identity. I would not put it past them. But the mathematical probability is, as I say, that Gunn won.

"Lost in Aberystwyth: One very old and dearly loved macerated Yak's head, complete with horns. Owner wishes recovery for sentimental reasons."—*Cambridge News*

Full story, please.

Calypsomania

NOW the trouble with SETTING down a: written calypso
Is some folks MAY conclude the: printer's a dipso
Maniac, that's partly be:cause of the tmesis
(Cutting words: into pieces)
And also on account of there is: little relation
Between the line ENDINGS and the: punctuation.

Calypso, lovely calypso,
It slaps on a chap's lower lip so—
You may believe that IT's just irregular verse
But the more you want it casual the: more you rehearse.

Well it's certainly good to: be alive,
That's one thing OF: which I'm positive,
So THREE cheers for the Government: which subsidizes
Us poor calypso-writers with: annual prizes!
For I'm bound to SAY more: calypsos would be written
If commissioned by the Arts Council: of Great Britain.

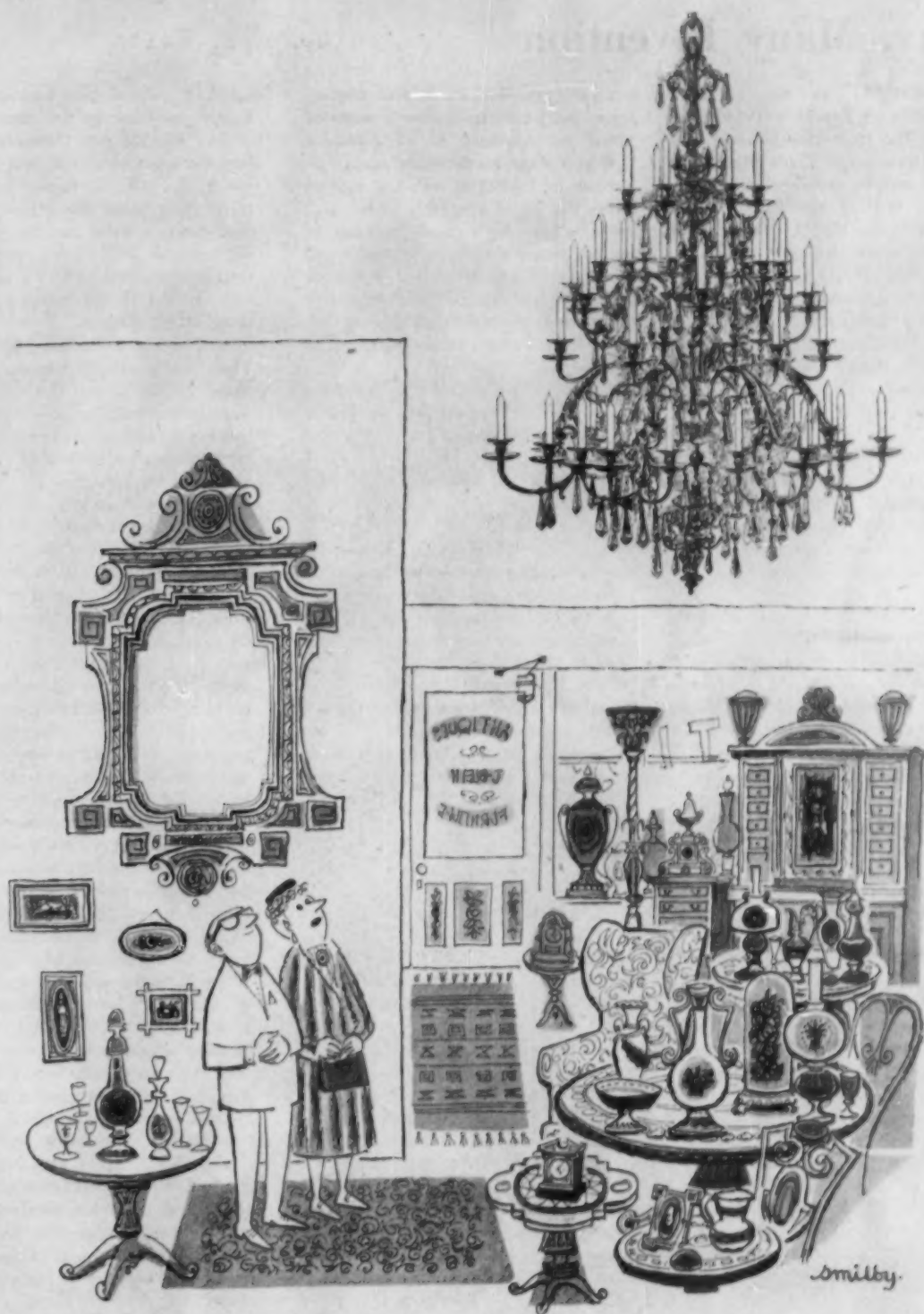
Calypso, lovely calypso,
It can make phraseology trip so—
It doesn't signify if the metre is unsure
Because the meaning tends to be to:tally obscure.

Now to all CRITICS who: quiver like a jelly at
The thought of a calypso by: T. S. Eliot,
I wish to STATE that: there are poets and musicians,
Singers also, with: hidden ambitions—
Operatic calypsos: will get society cheers
If composed by Britten and: sung by Pears.

Calypso, lovely calypso,
It allows every syllable to slip so—
Many a person who will never be a poet
Is tempted by: calypsos to show it.

ANTHONY BRODE





"Is it A.C. or D.C.?"

Many, Many Inventions

By H. F. ELLIS

ACCORDING to the recently-published Report for 1954 issued by the Comptroller-General of Patents, Designs and Trade Marks, the total of complete specifications of new inventions filed at the Patent Office during 1954 was 26,629. The total of *unexamined* specifications at the end of the year was 25,879. There is, the Report understandably notes, a shortage of qualified assistant examiners.

SCENE: *The Examining Room at the Patent Office.*

The room is tastefully furnished in period style with desks and chairs. An elliptical poker, presented by Thomas Edison, rests by the empty hearth. On the wall hangs a drawing of Stephenson's Rocket stamped "Pat. No. 000975." About twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and seventy-nine specifications are arranged in heaps here and there about the room.

At the desks sit a handful of ageing assistant examiners. Their eyes, which can just be seen above the mountains of paper, are red-rimmed and their drawn faces bear the tell-tale marks of a lifetime spent in disentangling the nuances of delicate pieces of machinery, most of which have never existed. They read for the most part in silence, making an

occasional pencilled note on their blotting paper; but from time to time a mumbled phrase or fragment of a sentence—"pivoted about an eccentric axis . . ." "or can be folded, at will, and slipped under the leg of a wobbly table . . ." "In this way, by a simple pressure of forefinger and thumb, newspapers and other debris can be raised from the ground and dropped into a convenient receptacle"—becomes audible, as they mouth over the trickier parts of a specification.

Unexpectedly, one of the examiners throws down his pencil with a distinct thud and speaks aloud.

FIRST ASSISTANT EXAMINER: I say, George.

SEC. A. E.: Well?

FIRST A. E.: There's a thing here with reciprocating arms—something to do with building two haystacks at once, as far as I can make it out. Didn't we have something in on those lines about thirty years ago?

SEC. A. E.: Sounds old to me.

FIRST A. E.: What I thought. Only—Yes, Jackson, what is it?

JACKSON (*a clerk*): Another hundred and eighty-seven anti-drip tea-pots just come in, sir.

FIRST A. E.: Send them back at once. Surely you know by this time—

JACKSON: Not the pots themselves, sir. Just the specifications as laid down.

FIRST A. E.: Oh, all right. Just put them there with the others, man. And Jackson, bring me the files on Agricultural Implements, Hay, will you? From about 1890.

THIRD A. E.: I remember a funny thing about tea-pots. Came in, oh, fifteen, twenty years ago, I dare say. There was this hinged spout they're always on about, only this time there was a little wheel alongside the handle connecting with a couple of irregular cams mounted either side of the main body. Well, you gave the wheel a half-turn anti-clockwise—wouldn't have worked, mind you, in a hundred years—but the funny thing was—

A SUPERINTENDING EXAMINER: We are not here to decide whether things work, Armstrong. We have plenty to do without that.

THIRD A. E.: I know that, sir. Of course. I was only thinking, if we could have the actual inventions here once in a while, the prototype as you might say, instead of all these damned specifications, what a laugh we'd have. I'd give anything to press a knob now and again, sir, and see what happened. This tea-pot, for instance, I was telling about—

FOURTH A. E. (*a raw recruit of only three years' standing*): Sir, sir! Mr. Vereker, sir! I've got a Death-ray here—my first. It seems that if you take a pinch of oxytetracycline—

MR. VEREKER: Leave it alone, boy, leave it alone. We are eighteen months behind on Death-rays as it is. Tell the man to offer it to a Foreign Power, if he wants a quick decision. That's the fairest thing.

FIRST A. E.: Well, what is it *now*, Jackson?

JACKSON: There's a lady called with a plastic roll-on and won't go away.

FIRST A. E.: In person? You mean with the actual thing? Doesn't she realize we only accept specifications here?

SEC. A. E.: They're all the same. They get their ideas from the comic artists. Seem to think this is a place with "PATENT OFFICE" stencilled on



"Next door seem to have started their holidays."



the door and four or five people with knobbly parcels on their knees waiting outside.

FIRST A. E.: Is this roll-on knobbly, Jackson?

JACKSON: Not to say knobbly, sir. Wrapped, of course, but smoothish.

FIRST A. E.: Well, get rid of her. Tell her we're short of qualified—No, wait. Tell her she's welcome to wait here with her invention, provided we relax the rules for all our other clients as well. Only make sure she realizes that she'll be number twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and eighty in the queue.

SUPERINTENDING EXAMINER: And bring tea, Jackson, when you've done that. In the cup this time, not all over the saucer.

JACKSON: It's the tea-pot, sir, do what I will. I was thinking, sir. Given a flanged lip, with $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch apertures top and bottom threaded to receive a U-shaped funnel—

ALL: Get out, Jackson.

Honi Soit

THE weighing of the royal words must be done with an agonizing care

To result in a dedicated diction exact and perfect to a hair;
Colloquial, but never common, having punch but a maximum of poise,
Like an archbishop writing for the *Mirror* or a don getting pally with the boys:

Simple but purposeful and pointed, neither flat nor in any way enlarged,

For the words take weight from their source, and can easily get over-charged:

Spotless, it goes without saying; an oath upon a royal lip
May be calculated indiscretion, but never in the nature of a slip.
As such it may have its uses: a nicely calculated oath
Will separate the man from the mystery, to the obvious profit of both—
A concession to a common weakness, a batting of the royal eyes,
Humanity leering a little through the hedge that divinity supplies,
As if Hamlet had thrown in a "whoreson" in the middle of a royal speech,

Or Harry at Harfleur said "Once more into the flipping breach,"
And the soldiery smiled to hear him speak with a familiar ring
And nudged one another knowingly, thinking him no end a king.

P. M. HUBBARD

Storm Warning

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

TWO telegrams from Dunstable have obligingly been passed on to me by an Essex farmer, one saying FINE SPELL BEGUN, the other, received two hours later, FINE SPELL CANCELLED. To the farmer, obviously a man whose rich sense of fun remains unimpaired by a lifelong struggle against the elements and the prophets, these messages had merely seemed amusing, and he wished to share the joke with me (and, as it turns out, you).

I felt differently. For one thing, they were a stern reminder that human knowledge is infinitely extensible. I had imagined that I knew the full, frightening range of Britain's current weather-mania. Putting aside the red sky at night, the damp seaweed, the barometer, the arthritic twinge, scientific progress has more recently brought us the radio ten times a day, the Press—not only foretelling what is to come but headlining what came—and the twice-nightly Lime Grove discourse with maps, fronts, snow on high ground and twelve million people unable to go to bed without knowing whether to empty their car radiators or bring the garden furniture in . . . there seemed little more to be done. Yet now I find that the wires are singing all day and every day with private and personal dispatches from Dunstable. FINE SPELL BEGUN, FINE SPELL CANCELLED.

In a way it is a pity that I have only these two examples. No doubt if I went

to Dunstable I could get more. SUN SHINES STOP MAKE HAY, for instance. Or, when impending sleet can be accurately plotted, PLOUGH FIELDS STOP SCATTER. This official forecasting bureau, for all I know, may extend the service to mere pleasure-seekers or social organizers. Telegrams may stream into Lord's. STRONGLY URGE FOLLOW-ON, OF REST SPIN-BOWLERS. Rectors may wait anxiously at their doors for the vital red bicycle: FÊTE DOOMED STOP PREPARE CHURCH HALL.

As I see the scene at Dunstable it is one of constant colour, movement and activity. The experts scuttle earnestly to and fro with their samples of rainfall, their thermometers, their test-tubes of coastal fog. On high stools the clerical staff scribble feverishly away at the familiar buff forms. A pool of messengers stands by to dash out with fine spells and cancellations to the nearby telegraph office. Snatches of dialogue hum through the air.

"Agricultural show's had it at Horsham."

"Rush this one—patch of official drought south-west-by-south of Market Rasen."

"Excuse me, sir. That heat-wave wire to Berkshire. Six men at the door with pitch-forks—drenched."

As I say, I am disturbed rather than amused by the whole thing. It just means another prop knocked from under the Englishman's self-reliance. Destroy

that, and our spirit of adventure is truly on its last legs. There is official guidance for everything nowadays, whether your difficulty is woodworm, cliff-falls or poltergeists. In another year or two no one will dare to get up in the morning until he gets an official directive on what trousers to wear. How would Hercules have got on if, after one look at the Erymanthian boar, he had slipped off round the corner in search of the nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau? Or those Argonauts, kicking their heels in harbour in case there were reports of south cones being hoisted?

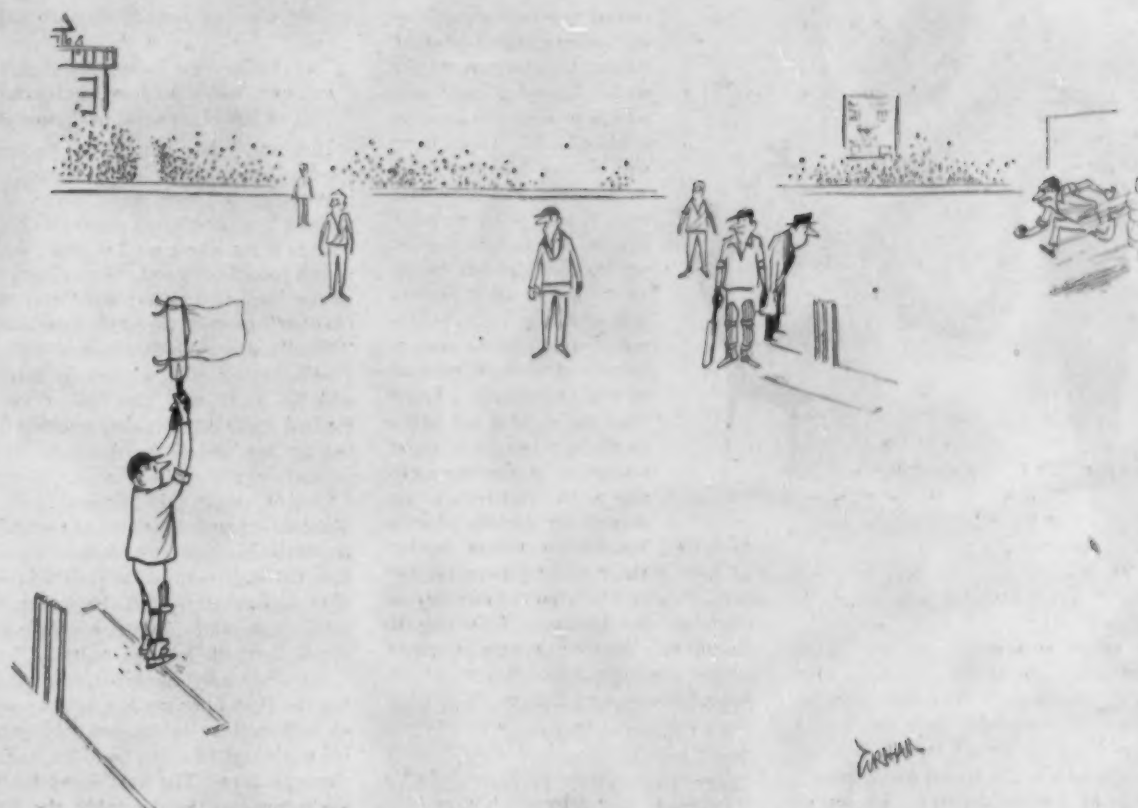
With the weather, as with so much else, what is chiefly wanted is more people to mind their own business and let us fend for ourselves. You have only to look at a few meteorological statistics to see how easily they could be spared. Who wants to know that Sheffield averages 2.7 hours of sunshine in March, or that the mean temperature at Cromer in November is 41.3° F? On the other hand, there might be some justification for a set of tables showing how many families banked on a fine weather forecast and got struck by lightning, or how many others, warned of storm and tempest, sat indoors through a day of brilliant sunshine, got on edge, quarrelled, struck each other and broke up for ever.

But it is the sapping of our traditional resourcefulness that is the great and growing danger. A nation that daren't hoe its beet without the green light from an O.H.M.S. telegram stands a poor chance of holding up its head in the councils of the world.

I'm glad to finish with a word of comfort. In this country all is not yet lost. As in practically every other field of progress, America is way ahead of us in discovering if it's going to be a lovely day to-morrow. At Princeton, N.J., they have an electronic machine that puts Dunstable's techniques in the old Noah-and-Dove class, expressing the weather in terms of imaginary boxes 240 cubic miles in volume and "uniting all the parts in a comprehensive equation." It has two thousand radio tubes and is called the Mathematical Analyzer Numerical Integrator And Computer, or (with grim significance) MANIAC for short.



ROY DAVIS



Cage Me a Curate

By JAMES INSIGHT

THE last few months of men preparing to take holy orders ought to be spent in an atmosphere suitable to a monastery. But nowadays the university quadrangle sounds more like an auction room. Studying quietly in his college rooms the student lifts his head to hear the sound of heavy breathing and grunts upon the narrow stairs. Stout, red-faced men with sparse hair, in grey flannels and dog collars, fling themselves into his wicker armchair.

"Fifteen thousand," says one, mopping his brow.

"Seventeen thousand," shouts another, "and four weddings, three funerals a week."

"Twenty-five thousand," declares a third.

The student so soon to be ordained murmurs the expected question:

"And no help at all?"

"One deaconness," says the vicar, adding hurriedly, "with dropped arches."

One can sympathize with these vicars. Tied to vast parishes, many of them have been unable to attend the University Boat Race, Lord's cricket ground, the Bishop's Garden Party, or even the funeral of their own grandmothers for the past ten years. Fairly subtle technique must be employed if this elusive bird the curate is to be coaxed in the desired direction. Once one has secured him he usually stays for three years.

In the old days it was much more simple. The curate called and was left waiting in the hall while the vicar finished his crossword. The maid was then instructed to relieve the young man of his top hat and show him in. A short half-hour's speech made it quite clear what was required (one sermon during the first year, study all morning, visit all afternoon, clubs for the depressed classes all evening). Without so much as opening his mouth to express his gratitude the young man would find

himself on the way out, having been added to the staff in the splendid position of, say, "fourth curate of Portsea."

To-day all is changed. At any chapter meeting the youthful curate stands apart drinking coffee while his vicar, happy man, is courted by the other clergy with such remarks as "Fine young fellow you have there, Vicar"; "Could I borrow him for Septuagesima?" and the oft-repeated behind-the-back-of-the-hand whisper, "Past, how did you get hold of him?"

One would suppose that anyone could get hold of a curate by making a tempting offer. Indeed some advertisements for curates in the church press have been worded so attractively as to miss the mark entirely and cause old vicars who have become rather tired of resisting temptation to spring up and apply for the job themselves. But your modern curate is made of sterner stuff. He listens politely to those vicars ready



"He won't come. He says he's entitled to be protected from society."

to offer everything without stint. "Delightful little flat, my boy, rates paid, telephone, Whitsun offering. Whassat? Sermons? Bless you, preach every Sunday. Preach twice a Sunday; they're sick of the sound of my voice." Then he politely declines. The curate trained to side-step such fierce temptation is not after comfort—not to begin with, anyway.

A curate to-day needs something besides old ladies and spinsters into which he can get his teeth. His forefathers had more scope. They could sell the family fortune and go straight from the cricket field to minister to China, Borneo or some place where there was imminent danger of being

turned into nourishing soup for thirsty head-hunters. And all to good purpose, for such places are now preparing to send missionaries to England. Then there was always the East End. Imagine the joy it must have been to the young curate in bygone days to have pointed out to him, by his kindly vicar, wife-beaters, drunkards, and little children without shoes. Nothing is more calculated to excite emotion in the Englishman's breast than the sight of his fellow man's bare feet. Unless, of course, it is the righteous anger he experiences on seeing the African attiring himself in patent leather shoes and nylon socks.

The challenge to-day is no less real. Climbing to the top of a Tooting skyscraper, curate arrives blowing gently.

CURATE: "Good afternoon, I'm from the Church of England."

OLD LADY (*suspiciously*): "Ho."

CURATE (*eagerly*): "Are you Church of England, madam?"

OLD LADY (*suspecting swift cash*): "Not to-day, thank you." (*Smartly closes door.*)

If old lady's spiritual need is to be met curate must now decide on swift counter-measures. He can either:

- (a) Beat fists on door.
- (b) Call on neighbour and discover weak chink in old lady's armour.
- (c) Armed with (b) rush back and

make mewing sounds through key-hole.

(d) Shake dust from soles of shoes on to old lady's doorstep, and go and visit 19,999 other souls in the parish.

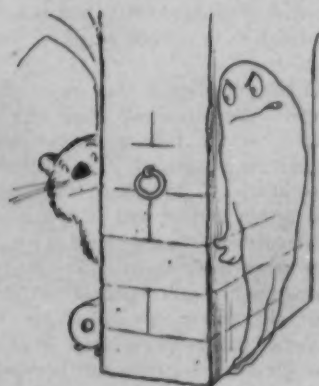
However, the supply of curates, though inadequate to heavy demand, is improving. There are "under the counter" curates, quiet men who only wish to serve where need is great, their names passed reverently from mouth to ear by busy city vicars; and "over the counter" curates cheerfully declaring "What's this rubbish about shortage? I've answered fifty adverts in person and no vicar will give me a job." Retired Army colonels now reaching the market are much in demand, their pensions enabling them to endure with Christian charity the fortitudes of a deacon's stipend. They bring a refreshing briskness into ecclesiastical woolliness, barking smartly at the polished neck of the brass eagle: "Here beginneth the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel—as you were, St. John's Gospel . . ."

All admittedly are birds of passage, but the vicar hurrying to take his quota of bank-holiday brides can only gnash his teeth and fervently pray for one to come his way. The final agony lies in the future, on the day when the Rev. I. M. A. Celibate, M.A., picks up his church newspaper and reads "Curate wanted (male or female)."

§ §

"WANTED General Cook for Colliery work. Must be able to type.—Apply Administrative Officer. National Coal Board. Radstock."

Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald
Just menus?



Easy Come, Easy Go

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ONE of the disadvantages you fellows have who live in England and don't see the New York papers regularly is that you miss a lot of interesting stuff. I don't suppose, for instance, that any of you have been able to follow the Fooshe-Harris case, have you? It culminated in the headline in the press:

WOMAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
DEPARTS AFTER 11-YEAR STAY

and the ensuing brief announcement:

St. Louis, April 30. Mrs. Eleanor Elaine Lee Harris, who stretched a dinner invitation into an eleven-year stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Fooshe of this city, packed up and departed to-day on a judge's order. The Fooshes, who are now separated, joined in the eviction suit against her.

Now one can understand that correspondence which has been going on so long between Worried (St. Louis) and Loretta Biggs Tuttle, the well-known adviser on social etiquette whose column is so widely syndicated.

October 10, 1947

DEAR LORETTA BIGGS TUTTLE,—I am hoping that you will be able to tell me what to do in a case like this, for I have no mother to advise me.

Here are the facts very briefly. On April 14, 1944, I was invited to dinner by some friends of mine . . . well, I suppose they were more acquaintances at that time . . . and it was all most enjoyable. My host and hostess could not have been more charming. But now that I have been with them three years and six months something seems to have happened. Their manner has changed.

I do my best to be bright and entertaining, and have even gone to the trouble of learning a few simple card tricks, but they keep falling into long silences and Mr. F., my host, groans a good deal. Do you think that without knowing it I can have done something to offend them?

(You must not be so sensitive, Worried. We are all a little inclined to be diffident and to think ourselves responsible when some trifling thing goes wrong. There are a hundred reasons why Mr. F. should groan . . . high taxation, increased cost of living, heavy day at the office and so on. As for the long silences, so many people go into long silences these days. All this Yogi meditation stuff, you know.)

August 3, 1952

DEAR LORETTA BIGGS TUTTLE,—I am sure there is something wrong. Mrs. F. has not spoken to me since 1949, and Mr. F. is still groaning. He seems to have aged a good deal, and I am afraid his memory is failing him. This afternoon a friend of his called, and when introducing me he said: "Shake hands with Mrs. E. E. L. Barnacle-Limpet." I thought it so odd, because after more than eight years he must know what my name is.

(You must not let your imagination run away with you, Worried. Mr. F.'s little slip is so easily explained. His mind was on his work and he was thinking of the representative of some English firm with which he is doing business. Barnacle-Limpet is obviously an English name like Knatchbull-Hugessen or Binks-Binks-Binks. May I say in passing what a pleasure it is to me to learn that you are still visiting the F.'s. So difficult to find an apartment nowadays. If Mr. F. seems to have aged, surely that is quite natural. We none of us get younger.)

April 15, 1954

So you have been with the F.s ten years, Worried! How the time does fly, does it not? Yes, I suppose, as you say, it has been quite a long dinner party, but I am sure that the F.s have enjoyed every minute of it. The bottle containing a sample of the arrowroot which Mr. F. so kindly brought to your room to help you sleep, and which you thought tasted kind of funny, has not yet reached me, but I will, of course send it to the analyst, as you ask, the moment it arrives.

April 10, 1955

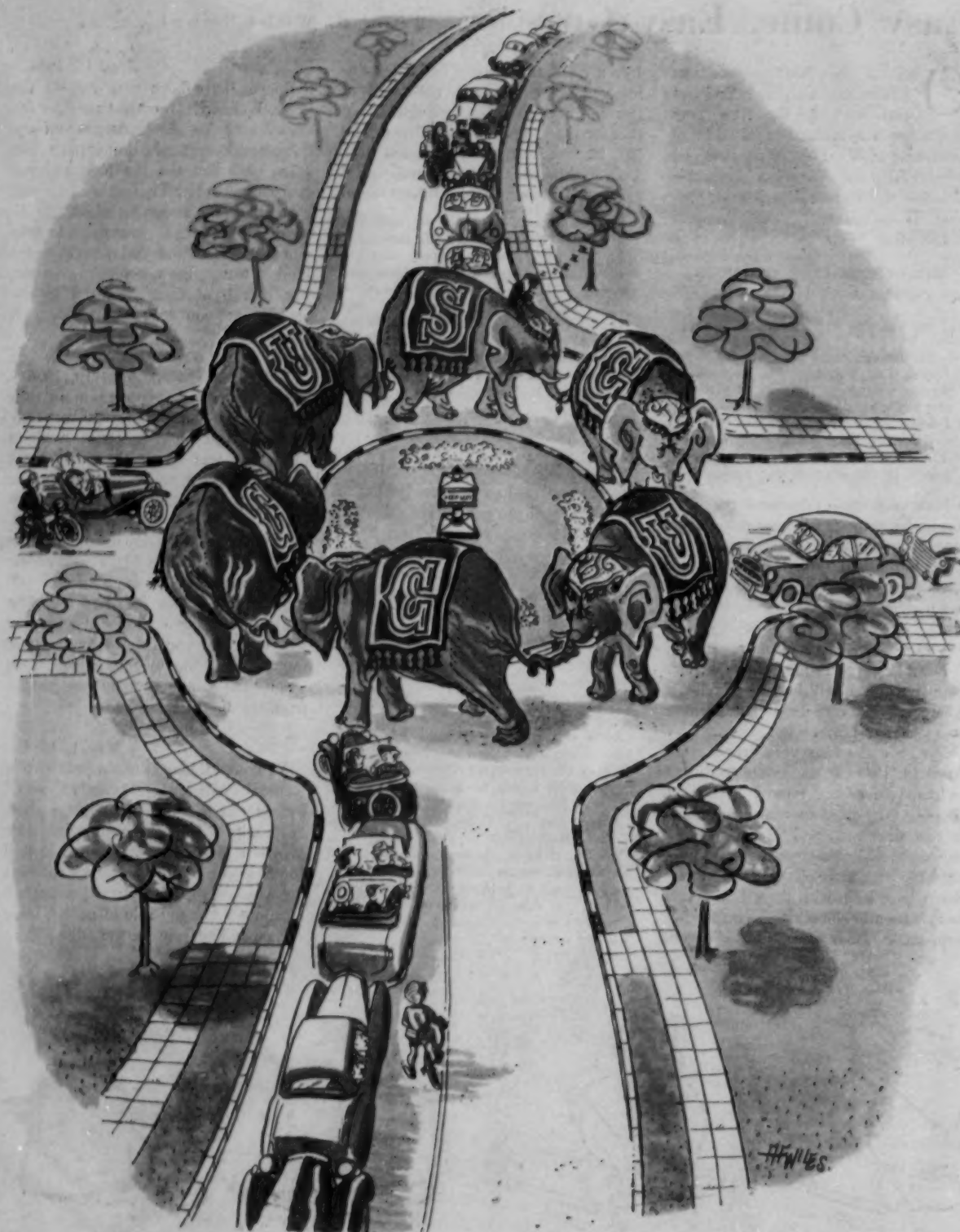
No, Worried, I see no reason for your suspicions. The man who you say attacked you in the street with a bludgeon was probably just some casual passer-by filling in time before lunch. I cannot agree with you when you call it odd that you should have seen him on the previous day in conversation with Mr. F., and that Mr. F. was giving him money. No doubt some old acquaintance of his who had fallen on evil times. To the rattlesnake you say you found in your bed I attach little importance. Do what you will, it is almost impossible to keep rattlesnakes from coming into the house.

May 1, 1955

You could knock me down with a feather, Worried! "Judge's order" indeed! Is this our boasted American hospitality! But cheer up, my poor Worried. I am sure you will soon find someone else to put you up for the next few years. No, I am sorry, I am afraid I cannot break my rule of never giving correspondents my private address.



GROGANDE





THE brochure of the Broadstairs Dickens Festival, printed locally on bright buff paper, offered a performance of *Bleak House* by the Dickens Players, a Dickensian tea party, Bleak House and Dickens House open to the public, a bus trip to Canterbury and a walk round the town conducted by J. B. Reed, Esq.

As we drove down from the station our way was blocked by various figures in Victorian dress, their activities followed by an ageing Children's Television newsreel camera. The one-man camera crew, smiling away, said "Action" in a fluty voice.

"Action," repeated one of the participants with pleasurable awe. "Hallo, hallo," "Well, hallo," they said as they met in the middle of the street, narrowly missed by a rough-looking Dormobile. No other words seemed to come to them.

After several retakes, each rather less successful than the last, everyone moved down towards the sea for some further shots outside Dickens House. It transpired, when the house was open to the public on the following day, that Dickens never actually lived there. It belonged to the original of Trotwood and contains a sideboard twice removed in ownership from Dickens, his travelling desk, a visiting-card with a message saying something about the party bringing its own fish for supper, and a paper knife believed to be made from the gatepost of Gadahill, where Dickens actually did live. The authenticity of the paper knife is apparently open to some doubt.

Those in Dickensian dress continued with a shot indicating Mrs. Gamp's social ostracism. A frail, indomitable woman from Dickens House balcony suggested Mrs. Gamp might take a swig of her gin bottle. Mrs. Gamp mimed some gin swigging.

"Without the bottle, I think," said the cameraman hurriedly, "but walk along

in a very business-like way." Mrs. Gamp walked along in a very business-like way. "Splendid! We'll have a second feature before we know where we are," said the cameraman with what sounded like turning into a very nasty laugh.

An old gentleman who had been eyeing the proceedings with a magnifying glass said "What the Dickens next?" and had to provide his own laughter.

We moved to a nearby promontory, past Dickens' cottage where Dickens never lived, to Bleak House, which is not the original Bleak House. Here the Dickensian tea party was due, with Cecil Barker's orchestra from the Pavilion and teas at popular prices.

My deck-chair, stamped indelibly with the initials of the local urban council, was next to the end man in the band, a trombonist called Charlie.

"It's going to be something popular," he said, eyeing the music as it was distributed. "Ah, yes, *Nautical Moments*; we usually play this for six-day bicycle races."

He cast an eye up at the house, once Dickens' summer residence, now an occasional guest house with rooms named after some of his characters. I stayed there for the night and was offered a choice of "Micawber," with a pleasant view of the sea, or "Guppy," where you can keep an eye on the beach.

"He wrote *Bleak House* here, you know," said the trombonist, flexing his lips for the coming onslaught. "I consider it his worst novel." He breathed heavily down his instrument.

Cecil Barker introduced his first number: "I'm afraid we're not allowed a microphone, so you probably can't hear me. Mr. Dickens wouldn't have liked it."

"Mr. Dickens wouldn't have liked it," said a highly delighted Yorkshire woman. Cecil Barker led his boys into, and eventually out of, *Nautical Moments*.

"Very nice," said the Yorkshire woman in a tone which brooked no

denial. Skipping *Unrequited Love*, the band turned over to *The Golden Valse*.

"No," said the trombonist, leaning back reflectively, "I've got past Dickens now. Really I go more for Perelman; he's even better than Patrick Campbell." He ruminated with his lips. "Where do they get the style, that's what I want to know." Cecil Barker was lifting his violin bow and eyebrows in unison. "Now," said the trombonist, "for a little bit of puff." *The Golden Valse* eventually came to a halt.

"Very nice," said the Yorkshire woman again.

We all now rather expected something to happen: a reading perhaps, a personal recollection, a few words from the chairman, rather more from the treasurer. A table had been set before us; those in Dickensian dress now sat down; a Press photographer took two photographs; then everyone retired, taking the tables with them. Our first conjecture, that we were to watch local members of the Dickens fellowship eating, lost favour in my row.

A small woman, dressed as a Dickensian widow, then came forward. "I've been asked to say," she said, "tea is ready. Bring it down as you wish, or what." She then went away. Some of those in costume offered inducements to attend the evening performance of *Bleak House*; the rest manned the tea urns.

"Next year," said the Yorkshire woman, "they must have dancing on the lawns—minuets and fandangos."

MARC BOXER

"Spelling Bees are popular in the Englewood schools, which still use them in an effort to teach spelling. These youngsters took top honors at the Engle Street Junior High School Bee last week: Thomas Huckin, first prize; Zitta Wiese, third, and Michael Hertz, second. The word that won the prize for Huckin was supercilious."

Picture caption in the Englewood Press Journal
Excellent.

Postures of Defiance

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE Munich scare led to a great improvement in rural house values and to a good deal of A.R.P. When Chamberlain went to Godesberg I rushed off to enrol amidst an atmosphere of trestle tables, comradeship and feverish coolness. Soon after, I was notified that I should be *First Aid*. Under some demarcation agreement we were St. John, not Red Cross. We did not exactly look down on the Red Cross, but we told each other their approach was academic and hoped that if ever we became casualties St. John would be the first to arrive.

The training consisted of six lectures by a local doctor, an entertaining Scotsman who was anxious for us not to hold up casualties on their way to hospital by trying *First Aid* on them. After each lecture there was a practice. We did not catch the enthusiasm of the regular Ambulance men who trained us, but we envied it. To them knowledge

of the Manual was as important as accurate ritual to a Mason. All parts of it were of equal value and beauty. Whenever there was a break they would rattle off the names of vertebrae and pressure-points. Tying reef-knots instead of grannies was a very important part of *First Aid*, because examiners penalized wrong knots so heavily.

Soon we slid once every week into a dream world of tidy and separate accidents. We knew what should be done for a fractured clavicle or patella. We knew when poison should be fought with strong coffee and when with plaster scraped from the ceiling. We knew when to stand with the right foot advanced waving a sling in the air. We could repeat what the Manual said about taking care how you moved a fractured spine on to a stretcher. We could, given an hour or two and plenty of retakes, fit a Thomas splint

to a fractured femur. We were insulated from the news; but we knew how to deal with the bites of mad jackals. After the examination there was a gap. Suddenly we were summoned. New faces sat at the trestle tables. A brisk voice expressed gratitude to us for volunteering and said we should be trained in *First Aid*. When we proudly claimed that we held certificates there was consternation. Organization so far covered only Recruitment and Training of Personnel.

The difficulty was met by giving us a Refresher Course. This was exactly the same as the first Course but with a different doctor. The examination was much the same but harassing to me personally as my "casualty" was a pupil, and the idea of helping a master went to his head. His *First Aid* was little better than mine and I was torn between giving what seemed to me the right answer and repeating what he whispered to me. I remembered enough of my Educational Psychology to know the dangers of hurting a boy's feelings by rejecting proffered help.

When the news hotbed up towards the end of August 1939 I came back early from my holiday and rushed off to the condemned school where we did our A.R.P. With difficulty I found one of our instructors, who said: "Of course there will be a practice to-night; it's a Tuesday." I returned at eight o'clock and after the usual social preliminaries we settled down to work. As the Instructor put it, "The next examination can't be far off." So while Hitler massed and screamed on the Polish frontier we revised the next section of the Manual—varicose veins.

About this time our *First Aid* Post was opened. It was in a slap-bang new school clinic and its resemblance to a hospital rather went to our heads. The Medical Officer began lecturing us on the anatomy of the skull and talked eagerly of trephining. Being built largely of glass, the clinic had to be blacked out, which was rather a problem. Looking after it seemed about my level. Somebody suggested that the windows should be permanently blacked out by covering them with a mixture of lamp-black and size and pasting on strips of newspaper. The only transport was the



"I thought you were supposed to be on a diet."



ROY DAVIS

Medical Officer's car, and the lamp-black, of which I acquired several stones, leaked. When I got down to the Post that morning I got quite absorbed in mixing the lamp-black and size in a kind of surgical sink. Soon I noticed that a lot of children were watching me and I told them to go away. Unluckily a school dental clinic was forming round me and the dentist insisted that in day-time the building was nothing to do with First Aid and that its windows must be unobscured. Irritated by coping with the lamp-black and disliking the smell of size, I felt quite unjustifiably that I was entitled to behave like the licentious soldiery, and brusquely I began to slop my black on the shining panes. The dentist was promptly wiped them clean. Physics were on her side as my thin brew slid straight down to the sills and then to the floor.

The Post gradually got sorted out. We learned where the scalpels were and the anti-gas ointment and the cups and the dartboard. Sometimes we had a practice, when we had to fit in with other branches of A.R.P. Before the volunteers had got their bonnets off and the tea made, walking wounded, sometimes my pupils, would arrive, wearing labels carefully taken from all parts of the Manual. Usually a good deal of First Aid had already been done to them by the wardens. Long before their particulars had been taken ambulances would appear and we would rush out and try to persuade their occupants to climb down and rejoin their stretchers on the ground. In one practice I had to lump round a parent, a large man who not only insisted on being lifted down but refused to be taken by the short cut through the gas decontamination room and had to be carried by a circuitous route through gas-proof curtains. He had once

complained about his son's marks, making me feel very much the employee; but now I represented an Empire at War and dropped him hard on a drain.

My extra-curricular frenzies rather annoyed my colleagues, several of whom were in A.R.P. with me but had not been actually in the Headquarters when war was declared. When I began lecturing on the war from the point of view of one to whom all wars were merely particular instances of general strategic propositions, mutterings rose, and there was evident satisfaction that at the next Alert I remained penned in my lodgings by my landlady, who filled the narrow staircase and refused to move. I was not going out until the All Clear, and only then if I had finished my breakfast, she said firmly. She refused to take any notice of either my armband or the permit that was supposed to carry me past roadblocks.

I never did see active A.R.P. The nearest was a practice night when the Medical Officer, most unfairly, had a casualty brought over from his surgery and proceeded to sew him up in front of us. One after another the First Aiders slipped away, some being so prostrate that they had to be succoured by other First Aiders. It was a small boy who had torn his leg open on some wire—a minor casualty compared with what we were preparing for; but for a moment it brought home to us the realities behind our play.

However, I was taken ill before the bombing started and spent the earlier blitz in a central

London nursing home. I was out of touch with A.R.P., but one night fragments of my training recurred violently. The building was badly blasted and we were told to get out fast. I suddenly leaped from my bed and doubled about the twisted passages shouting authoritative remarks about putting out lights. I was alone when I found a recently arrived patient sitting in the hall and bleeding slightly from a scalp wound. I rushed to the door and shouted across the street to where the services were working frantically on a bad incident: "Is there a warden there? Get this man to hospital at once." I have never rediscovered the voice which made men in uniform leave their work, scoop up my protégé and send him off in an ambulance. After some hours of shelters and wandering, Matron suddenly remembered that there had been a recently arrived patient. Where was he? I proudly explained that I had sent him away to some unknown hospital. Patients were rare in war-time and I was unpopular.

Later in the war I periodically spent a gently disturbed night or Sunday at a school where I did not teach. I sat in the Headmaster's study eating sandwiches and firewatching. The only incident was that the Headmaster once wrote me a furious letter accusing me of being so eager a blacker-out that I had made my way through closed doors into a remote tower and turned off an incubator, ruining a large clutch of eggs. The accusation was false.



J. W. MILLER

More Fragments of a Future History

By JAMES ROSS

THE Revolt against the Consumer. Stigwoodism', the growth and triumphs of which we traced in a previous chapter, was in essence "a revolt against the tyranny of the consumer."¹ It should not be thought that the consumer invariably accepted his deposition without attempts at resistance. The most notable of these efforts to turn back the clock was the so-called "Cripples' Riot" at Glasgow in 1968.

The Busmen's Struggle. With the closing of the railways in the 1960s the problem of how to limit the numbers travelling by other means of transport became acute. By a succession of strikes busmen had won, first the right to carry no standing passengers (1958), secondly the right to declare empty seats "filled" (1961), and thirdly the right to carry no passengers on the top deck. Moderate as they were,

these rights were none the less questioned by the travelling public, egged on by hot-headed and intransigent consumers. During the early 1960s an increasing number of incidents occurred in which conductors were attacked and overpowered in the exercise of their duties. The gravity of the situation called for special measures. In 1961 conductors were awarded "danger money"; in 1963 magistrates were given the power to declare any bus-queue of three or more persons "a riotous assembly"; and in 1964 a Royal Commission, headed by Dame Melisande Custard, was instructed to inquire into the whole matter.

The Custard Report, 1967. The Custard Report pointed out that transport managements and staffs were unanimous in their view that the passenger, as such, was a tiresome anachronism. By inefficient boarding and alighting he made adherence to a fixed schedule almost impossible; by tendering incorrect fares, by demanding change and by uncertainty as to destination he aggravated the conductor's

difficulties. Nevertheless, the Commission felt itself unable wholly to accept the official view that travel by bus or tram should be restricted to transport employees; there was a case, it argued, for allowing members of the general public, with genuine compassionate or health reasons for travelling, to use certain routes—in limited numbers, of course, and at the conductor's discretion.

"The Cripples' Riot." Even this unworthy concession to consuming interests did not allay public discontent, which, indeed, soon boiled over. Early on the morning of February 9, 1968, Mr. Hector McGorbal, the conductor of a Glasgow tram bound for Partick, noticed an unusually large crowd waiting on the kerbside at Auchenshuggle. Many simulated advanced age or painful physical infirmities; some carried crutches and other appliances, and several were dressed in deep mourning. When, as he was bound to do, McGorbal demanded certificates of right to travel, signed by a doctor or minister of religion, the leader of the demonstration, a man named Nimmo, stepped forward and felled him with his crutch. With suspicious agility the rest of the mob

¹Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, 2041 edition. "Stigwoodism. (From F. Stigwood, English worker, + -ism). A method of economic organization in which wages are paid for work of an imaginary, symbolic or economically valueless nature."

²Erna Nopp, "Das Wesen des Stigwoodismus," Tübingen, 1970.



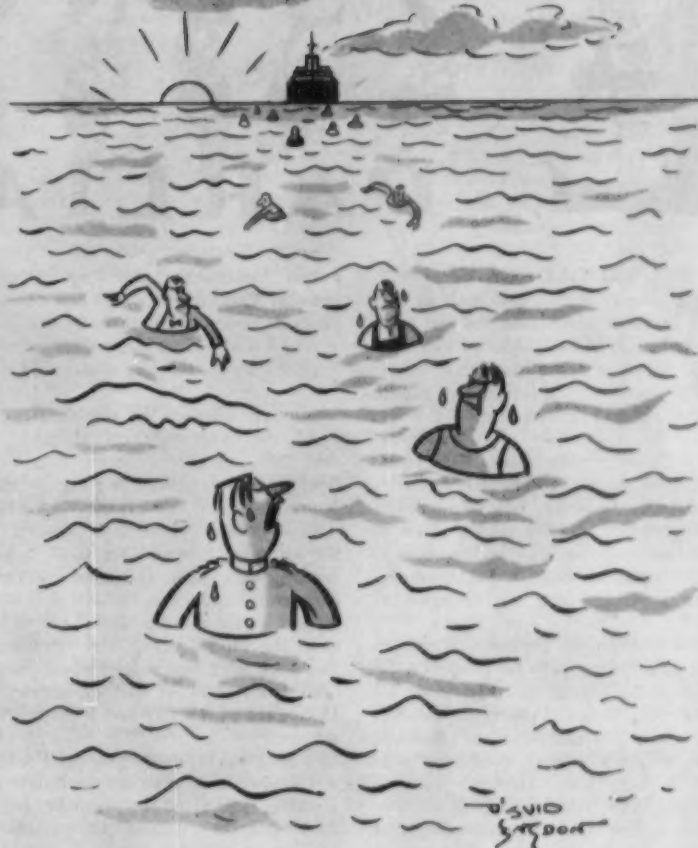
followed him on to the tram and overpowered the driver. A man dressed in widow's weeds seized the controls. Festooned with provocatively-worded slogans proclaiming the public right to travel and accompanied by a pipe band and a growing mob, the tram moved slowly towards the city. Other trams were rammed and boarded, and by midday licence reigned throughout the Glasgow transport system. Trams sped wildly to and fro, crammed with passengers, some armed and many intoxicated; several fatal accidents were caused by passengers falling from tram windows and roofs.

Withdrawal of the "Custard Concession." After initial hesitations the public authorities acted with commendable firmness. Troops were called in to aid the police and, after tear gas and fire-hoses had been applied, most of the trams were again running empty by the evening. The lesson was learnt; and in March, 1967, the much-abused "Custard Concession" was withdrawn. All passengers were henceforward prohibited; to protect crews from violence, all trams and buses were armoured-plated. Thus the ill-considered excesses of reactionary consumers served only to hasten their downfall.

* * * * *

The Consumers Invade the Coal Mines, 1972. Consumers' intervention in the coal mines had no greater success. The initial progress of stigwoodization in the mines had been rapid. Its final victory, however, was delayed by the fact that miners, while naturally reluctant to produce coal for general consumption, continued none the less to produce enough to meet their own free allowance. Greedy for fuel, several thousand consumers, drawn principally from the professional and leisured classes, were weakly allowed by the Coal Board to enrol themselves as miners and to mine their own coal. The National Union of Mineworkers, angry at this unprecedented invasion of their territory, protested vigorously; the Coal Board appeared to give way, and the consumer-miners were ostensibly dismissed.

The Great Strike A few days later a miner on his way to get coal for himself was astonished to find a clergyman, with a pick lying beside him, surreptitiously filling a bucket at the coal-face. Questioned, the man proved



"You and your walk-off strike."

to be the Reverend F. St. J. Wiskin, a well-known firebrand and a shameless advocate of consumers' interests.¹ The union struck (December, 1972), and has remained on strike to this day.

The State Assumes Responsibility for Strike Pay. As the first year of the strike drew to a close it was evident that many of the miners were suffering hardship: hire-purchase instalments on cars, television sets, washing-machines, and other necessities were falling into arrears; public sympathy was stirred by the tale of a Durham miner who was forced to eat his much-prized pigeons. Despite generous assistance from Czechoslovakia and elsewhere, union funds were running low. The case for

State intervention was overwhelming. The second Bevan government accordingly decided, in January, 1974, that the miners' strike pay should be a charge on the Treasury.

The Stigwood National Park. Thus, not for the first time, emergency action provided a permanent solution. Few who to-day ramble through the leafy lanes of the Stigwood National Park¹ can realize that this sparkling air was once thick with coal-dust, that these green knolls were once slag-heaps, that men once toiled underground for as much as eight hours a week where now the Co-operative Youth Clubs wander at will. Had he lived to see it this transformation would have made Stigwood a proud and happy man; it is his true memorial.

¹Three years previously he had been arrested for endangering the public peace by quoting Samuel Smiles from his pulpit at Bournemouth.

¹Formerly known as the Rhondda Valley.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

HOW LONG?

"AT a critical moment such as the present when consultations with leaders of both sides of industry are in progress I am sure that every Hon. Member will agree that it would be wiser not to say anything."

"We on this side of the House entirely agree with the Rt. Hon. Gentleman that at a time when international discussions of momentous significance are actually taking place, it would be irresponsible to give expression to any opinion that could possibly embarrass those who are engaged in them."

"The situation in our colonial empire is too delicate for it to be properly the subject of comment this afternoon."

"Since the future of the multiplication table is now the matter of an impartial public inquiry I feel confident that there is no Hon. Member in any quarter of the House who will wish to embarrass the smooth proceedings of that inquiry by the expression of a

purely personal and irresponsible opinion whether twice two can be more properly described as three or five——"

Any Front Bencher any day.

How long are things going on like this?

Opera Glasses in the Gallery

All that happened on Monday was that Mr. SHURMER from the Front Socialist bench below the gangway spied opera glasses in the Stranger's Gallery. The Speaker replied with dignity that the attendants would see to it, and so doubtless they did. But what everybody else wondered was what the opera glasses would see, all there was to look at in the House being Mr. SHURMER *et praeterea nihil*, and indeed a few minutes later from want of further orators the House called it a day and went home to dinner.

There was bit more to it on Tuesday. After Questions the octogenarian Mr. LOGAN, supported by youngsters like Mr. SHINWELL, raised the question of striking merchant seamen being called

up. At the same moment in Another Place Lord BRABAZON and Lord HALIFAX were expressing some alarm at Lord SALISBURY's proposal for an inquiry into what should be done about absentee Lords who did not clock in for work. But not even a threat of a call-up, it appeared, could make it endurable for Lord BRABAZON to listen to the speeches of any Noble Lord except himself.

Nothing is Here for Tears

After call-up the House of Commons came on to colonies. There is always a running-complaint in the imperial press at the scantiness of attendance at these colonial debates, but the sad truth is that general colonial discussions do not make for very thrilling debates. There are so many colonies and so many problems, and each Member tends to speak about the particular colony from which he has just returned without reference to the observations of the speaker before him. We flit from Antigua to Mauritius and from Malaya to Malta and it is all a little confusing. Mr. CREECH-JONES at the best of times always gives a curious impression that he is just about to burst into tears, and to-day, as he gave a list of all the interesting things that there were to say and begged Hon. Members not to say any of them, it appeared that he was on the very verge of dissolution at the mere thought that some opinion of importance might be expressed in the House of Commons.

The Three Governors of Cyprus

The debate skipped inconsequentially round the map. Mr. E. L. MALLALIEU, who was concerned about Cyprus, would go one better than Mr. YATES, who last week was prepared to settle for two governors, and would have three (of whom, one feels, not more than one should be Sir Brian Robertson), a British, a Greek and a Turk. This plan, he hoped, would please what he called "the Turkish Turks in Turkey." Mr. FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER returned to Cyprus later in the debate. Their object was to



Lord Brabazon

Lord Halifax

Lord Salisbury

draw the Government into announcing a new policy, but the Government was not to be drawn.

Weather

The only notable thing that happened on Wednesday was the re-emergence of Mr. DE FREITAS's perennial ambition to have the witch-doctors of the Meteorological Office regulate our rain for us. Certainly the only hope of getting the beginnings of accuracy in our weather forecasts seems to be if we have the weather foretold by the people who invent it and "play stops rain" would at any rate be a welcome change from "rain stops play."

No One to Blame

Then Thursday was to be the day of the big debate on industrial relations postponed from last week. As the day dawned the industrial relations about which many Socialist members were mainly concerned was that of their own shadow cabinet, in whose election it was rumoured that there would be some surprises. But it turned out to be only DICK MITCHISON and the Mixture as Before. So there was nothing much to fuss about in that. Sir WALTER MONCKTON explained that it had been thought wise to postpone the debate until after the railway strike for fear that "violent" things might be said. Perhaps he was right, but the general line was anything but violent. It was more reminiscent of the magistrate in Albert and the Lion, anxious to explain that

it was all very regrettable, but that "no one was really to blame."

Sir WALTER explained that it would not do any good to make a ballot in a trade union compulsory before a strike because that would not help with unofficial strikes—that it was a great pity that the A.S.L.E.F. had acted so hastily—that they could have had negotiations on differentials at any time—that the seamen's strike was unofficial—that the task of the Ministry of Labour was to bring parties together and not to impose settlements—indeed, to sum up, that the problem was a problem of "human relations." The Socialists had perhaps proved themselves wise to keep Mr. ROBENS back in the batting order, for, though sometimes a little platitudinous and sometimes a little sentimental, he is a likeable fellow. He liked Sir WALTER MONCKTON as much as Sir WALTER likes the T.U.C. He made a good point that the real defect in the machinery was the slowness of its movement, and was a little half-hearted in his attempt to inject a bit of an issue into the debate by suggesting that the envy aroused by the sight of Conservatives getting rich quick was in part responsible for the atmosphere out of which the strikes had sprung. It was a somewhat far-fetched argument seeing that the stevedores' strike had nothing at all to do with wages and that the foot-platemen's objection was not to an increase of income of those who were richer than themselves but to an increase of income of those who were poorer.

House in Order

Mr. MAWBY, a Conservative Trades Unionist following in a maiden speech, was considerably more specific than either Front Bench speaker. The Trades Unions, he said, must accept the responsibilities of their new position and find ways of settling their own internal rivalries without putting their innocent fellow citizens to intolerable inconvenience. Relations between the Government and Trades Unions and relations between employers and Trades Unions are easier than they have ever been. It is no longer even pretended that the Government has some sinister plot to smash the Trades Unions. Obviously the only objection that this Government has to the Trades Unions is that they are not strong enough. What is wanted is for the Trades Union world to settle its own internal troubles and then the problem is largely solved, and these problems the Trades Union world must settle for itself. So said everybody and it all may well be true. It may well be true that Mr. WALTER ELLIOT and Mr. SHINWELL are right in suggesting that these matters could be more profitably discussed by what the former called an Economic Council and the latter an Industrial Parliament than by the House of Commons. But if that is all true and if that is all that is true, there is no way of preventing people from asking with ever-growing insistency and ever-diminishing risk of answer "What then is the point of Parliament?"

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





"In his strange way I think he was crazy about me."



Walkie-Talkie

I GATHER that Mr. Butler's very keen on profit-sharing—you know, workers' participation. Thinks it's the only way to prevent strikes.

You mean men wouldn't strike if they had a direct interest in the profits of their industry?

That's the idea. Shareholders never strike, not even P. & O. shareholders.

But wouldn't it be wiser to push ahead with automation and get rid of the workers altogether? No workers, no strikes.

And no purchasers either. No workers, no purchasing power.

Ah, but they could be kept on the payroll. That's the new American idea, isn't it? Ford Motors have just given all their employees contracts guaranteeing them work or paid leisure for years.

And you think . . . ?

I don't think, I know. If we're going to have automatic, remote-control factories there's got to be some new way of pushing the money into circulation, and the Americans as usual have found the answer long before we've even begun to see the problem.

Nonsense! We invented the Welfare State.

With automation in mind?

Of course. We invented automation. Don't you remember your economic history—Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton and so on? The spinning-jenny and the mule. And the Luddite machine-wreckers. We were the first people in the world to appreciate the dangers of automation, and the first to find a way of keeping redundant workers happy. But you're quite wrong about America, Ford's and the rest: their three-year contracts are an indication that the push-button factory is still light years away. Ford's are making sure of their labour for years to come.

I know the argument—even in the push-button factory there'll still be a need for men to push the buttons and make the buttons and organize reunions of displaced operatives. But I'm not impressed. Automation, not profit-sharing, is the logical way to improve industrial relations.

Your kind of automation would leave only the professions at work. How d'you think the doctors and the teachers would like that? You'd still have strikes.

Never. The doctors daren't strike because they know the public would soon learn to do without them, and teachers can't strike because the public wouldn't know whether they were on holiday or not.

Well, I'm with Butler and companies like I.C.I., A.E.I., Rolls Royce, Tootals and Barclays. We must have incentives, and profit-sharing schemes provide the only incentives now acceptable to labour.

I keep telling you that automation abolishes the need for incentives.

Think of it—all the workers with a definite interest and stake in profitability, millions studying the markets instead of football pools coupons and banking on blue chips instead of "seven homes." And—

"Casual: of persons, etc.; not to be depended on" (O.E.D.)

THOUGH April may be the cruellest month, June is certainly the heaviest. During the last few weeks we have had two weighty harvests. There was the silage, running to eighty tons, and the hay topping another forty. And it is not that you only have to lift it once. In spite of using modern machinery, such as green crop loaders, hay sweeps and balers, loads still have to be made by hand if they are not to fall off when you go through a gate. Every forkful of grass in our silo had to be manhandled twice. We carried it in the week. With only two men on the farm, that means each shifted eighty tons, and not always mechanically. No wonder they asked me to try to persuade Tom to come and give a hand with the hay.

Tom is a casual labourer. Casual's the word. You can tell which is his cottage in the village by the number of farmers' cars parked outside. They are inside, trying to bribe, cajole or coerce him to do a day's work. I joined the queue. It was reminiscent of a stage door. From the bulge in the pocket I could see that one of my neighbours was hoping to seduce Tom with half a bottle of scotch. His hay must need turning very badly. Another farmer coyly carried a basket of strawberries. Empty handed I could see that I didn't stand a chance. Presently Tom appeared: a strapping young labourer of thirty, wearing carpet slippers and a fixed yawn. He listened to our pleadings like a bored prima donna, then reached

Just a minute—

And what's more, millions having a direct interest in the other fellow's job, in industries apart from their own. There'll be no strikes when would-be strikers realize the danger of other unions coming out in sympathy and knocking their profits.

Except in nationalized industries.

The whole of industry united as never before . . .

Bourgeois claptrap. Let me remind you that dividends on employees' shares are regarded as unearned income, and are subject to income tax at the higher rate, and that . . .

Golly, that reminds me! I've got an interview with an inspector-chap. Should have been there ten minutes ago.

MAMMON



for his fishing rod and shuffled off to poach my river. There's no way of making a casual labourer work more than four days a week, when he can draw dole and take

his case for the other two.

Returning to my farm I passed a couple of coloured West Indians hitch-hiking from Liverpool to the docks at Plymouth. They looked beefy enough to help shift my hay. I was sorely tempted. But I drove on without them. Though I should, of course, have had to pay them the full agricultural wage, the village would have gossiped. It would have been said that that reactionary living up on the hill had reverted to slavery. And it's not time yet to put the clock back. But if casual labourers continue to be so casual, farmers will soon have to import coolies to make the hay, if Tom is to be kept in clover.

RONALD DUNCAN

Hunting for Authors in the '30s

" . . . John Lehmann describes how the search for new authors led him across the frontiers of class and country . . . "

Radio Times

POOR sufferer on safari, say—
When did you realize the way
(As Bottom knew) to make the grade is
Just not to bring a lion among ladies?

PATRIC DICKINSON



BOOKING OFFICE

The Man Marlow

"THE Man Marlow"—as his friend, the novelist Joseph Conrad, referred to him, in a prefatory note (dated 1917) to the volume *Youth*—is one of the most enigmatic and elusive chroniclers of autobiographical experience in English literature. Our principal source of information on the subject is, of course, Conrad himself; but even Conrad—bound, no doubt, by an oath of secrecy which his stringent conception of integrity would not allow him to violate—shows reluctance to throw any light upon his origins: indeed, while declaring that their relations grew "very intimate in the course of years," he later confesses (*Youth*, p. 1) uncertainty as to the way in which Marlow spelt his name.

When he was "a little chap" he had a passion for maps (putting his finger on some "particularly inviting" spot, he would say "When I grow up I will go there"), and this early attraction to the, at that time, unexplored spaces of the earth doubtless influenced his choice of the Merchant Service as an adult career; but otherwise we are told little about his childhood, upbringing, education, family background, etc., except that he had an "excellent aunt . . . a dear enthusiastic soul," domiciled abroad, in a city that always made her nephew "think of a whited sepulchre," who embraced him, told him to wear flannel and to write often, before he embarked as captain of "a twopenny-halfpenny river steamboat" en route for that Heart of Darkness, the Belgian Congo.

He was christened Charles ("I, Charlie Marlow," and the aunt also addressed him by this diminutive) and speaks of himself as an Englishman: though his physical appearance, according to Conrad, appears to have been oddly exotic for one in other ways so typically British in outlook and speech. ("He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol . . . he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower.")

Many critics have tacitly assumed Marlow to be a mere mouthpiece or convenient pseudonym for Joseph Conrad himself; indeed Lord David Cecil, in an essay in *The London Magazine* of September 1954, accuses Conrad point-blank of having invented him, while describing Marlow as "the spectator of the events, though not an actor in them": a designation which surely does not apply to the incidents related in *Heart of Darkness*, where Marlow undoubtedly played a large personal rôle. Conrad himself also denies, by implication, responsibility for



the creation of Marlow ("he was supposed to be all sorts of things: a clever screen, a mere device, a 'personator,' a familiar spirit, a whispering 'daemon.' I myself have been suspected of a meditated plan for his capture"). They came together, the novelist declares, "in the casual manner of those health-resort acquaintances which sometimes ripen into friendships . . . He haunts my hours of solitude, when, in silence, we lay our heads together in great comfort and harmony; but as we part at the end of a tale I am never sure that it may not be for the last time."

What seems possible is that Conrad, like many writers of fiction, combined elements from Marlow's reminiscences with experience personal to himself, to lend the stories an added verisimilitude, while retaining the authentic accents of

the original narrator. Marlow's ironical humour, his elliptical, impressionistic manner of describing those he encounters ("No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand"), are peculiarly individual, and were obviously noted down on the spot or reproduced, afterwards, by a novelist's retentive ear; on the other hand, the philosophical and "purple" passages—the invocation to "the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre," etc.—would appear, with the grandiloquent descriptions of scenery, sky, and sea, to have been added on by Conrad himself.

It is precisely this species of collaboration between two natures at once dissimilar yet akin that gives the Marlow stories their particular piquancy, unlike anything else in Conrad's considerable fictional output. It may be that he tired in time of this early influence, wishing to strike out on his own—as one shakes off the claims of some old acquaintance whom one has outgrown—and though, perhaps out of remorse, he tried to bring Marlow back in *Chance* (1913), the attempt was on the whole a failure: either the tale was an old one and imperfectly remembered, or Marlow was simply being used as a commentator on events and characters that he had not experienced or encountered.

Echoes of Marlow's discursive conversational style may be found in the novels of William McFee (published by Messrs. Faber); but his mantle as storyteller seems to have fallen upon his transatlantic near-namesake, the private detective Philip Marlowe, whose cases are chronicled by Raymond Chandler and who, though his vision of life is less complex, shares with his predecessor an inquiring spirit and fundamental sense of decency, as well as a compelling narrative gift. Indeed, Lord David Cecil's conception of Conrad's "knightly hero who besides being brave and loyal was dignified, chivalrous, compassionate and vowed to the service of a rigid standard of personal conduct," might equally apply to this latter-day counterpart.

It is sad to think that, as Conrad predicted, Charles Marlow, that "most

discreet, understanding man," failed to survive his old friend and literary collaborator. Since we are unlikely again to be "fated, before the ebb began to run," to hear about another of his "inconclusive experiences," we can only bid him *bon voyage*, in the words attributed to him by Conrad: "A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-bye!—Night—Good-bye . . .!"

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Eagles. Leslie Brown. *Michael Joseph*, 18/-

No matter how recondite and unreasonable the subject upon which one desires to be informed, somebody will always be found to have spent the better part of a lifetime investigating that very point. Mr. Leslie Brown, for instance, has sat, on and off, for years in the upper branches of trees in Kenya and Nigeria to the end that the daily routine of eagles at the nest—Verreaux's, Wahlberg's, Snake Eagles, the Martial, the Crowned Hawk and others—should be revealed to less patient and agile inquirers. Whatever time he could spare from his duties as a Colonial Officer Mr. Brown has devoted to these fascinating and ferocious birds; and his home leaves have been spent in the tireless pursuit of Golden Eagles in the Scottish Highlands.

The result is an excellent book, written by an enthusiast with a sense of proportion. The author has the wisdom to stick to what is readable, rejecting the minutiae of bird-behaviour ("6.13 p.m. Nestling stood up. 6.14 p.m. Nestling sat down again") that too often overload bird monographs; and familiarity has not lessened his awe at the way of an eagle in the air. Some admirable photographs.

H. F. E.

Historical Whodunits. Hugh Ross Williamson. *Phoenix House*, 18/-

Mr. Williamson has collected a singular bunch of murders, mysteries, conspiracies and "wonders." They range from the death of William Rufus through the identity of Perkin Warbeck, the Princes in the Tower, Amy Robsart and Kirk o' Field, to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey and the Appin murder. Apart from its depressing title, the book has a strange hostility towards professional historians, whom the author accuses of conspiring to distort the truth. But his own way with evidence is curiously reckless. If his explanation of Rufus's demise is far-fetched, though interesting, his allegation that Henry VII murdered the Princes in the Tower flatly and foolishly contradicts the unanswerable evidence established by Mr. L. E. Tanner and Professor Wright in their *Investigations regarding the Fate of the Princes in the Tower* (*Society of Antiquaries*, 1935).

His phobia against the Cecils and obvious misunderstanding of Elizabeth I rather put him out of court as an

interpreter of Tudor and Jacobean history; he can actually insist that the younger Cecil "planted" the Gunpowder Plot. While the queer facts here presented may have their appeal, one feels that Mr. Williamson's "new kind of historical approach" would perhaps be better applied to pure fiction.

J. E. B.

Sea of Glass. Dennis Parry. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

Varvara, six-foot, wayward, half-Russian daughter of a swashbuckling English gun-runner, was born in Doljuk, Chinese Turkestan: a walled city on the edge of a saline desert, where the venomous spiders bark and the houses are made of mud. Her nurse was a witch, and she herself cures the law-student narrator of flu with a toadstool-concoction mixed in a rhinoceros-horn goblet. The contrast between her unusual background and the London of the late nineteen-twenties is pointed with wit and irony, though Varvara's grandmother's household is itself far from normal: comprising an endearing drunken butler and a museum of curios which includes South American blow-pipes and darts tipped with curare.

The deliberately melodramatic plot—including a will, a wicked uncle, possible illegitimacy, and a probable murder (which Varvara may have committed)—is off-set by Mr. Parry's characteristic humour and scenes of high comedy equal to anything by the early Isherwood; the book is entertaining throughout, though one may be slightly disappointed that the eccentric heroine's eventual destiny is allowed to remain in doubt.

J. M.-R.

Summer Cooking. Elizabeth David. *Museum Press*, 12/6

La Cucina. Rose L. Sorce. *Cresset Press*, 18/-

Mrs. David gives cooks a much-needed reminder that summer is above all the season for fresh foods, a time to forget the deep freeze and the tin opener and to revel instead in the delicate flesh of salmon-trout, the crispness of grilled spring chicken, and the succulence of tiny hot beetroots. The chapter on Fresh Herbs should be read by anyone who from indolence or ignorance neglects them, and Mr. Adrian Daintrey's illustrations have the gaiety which should belong to summer food.

Miss Sorce rightly begins with Antipasto and works her way through the delicious labyrinths of Italian cooking. Some will prefer Mrs. David's approach to asparagus and artichokes (would the former be improved by a blanket of fried egg and cheese?), but every cook should welcome a dozen recipes for dealing with aubergines and the interesting and valuable meat sauces. The author is an American of Italian extraction and Mrs. Carter has adapted the ingredients of the recipes for English kitchens, but Trifle alla Sorce is a dish which would speak well for itself in any language.

V. G. P.



"Last night I forgot to pray for General Peron."

The Poetry of Crabbe. Lilian Haddakin. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6

Most of us are aware of Crabbe only second hand through opera or as a broken column among the ruins of an education; he doesn't even anthologize. Mrs. Haddakin has written a clear, uncranky and readable critical introduction to his work; by quoting largely she has managed to give some idea of the curiously mounting tension which is one of his most successful achievements; and her careful analysis of the passages she has chosen (though it occasionally makes one feel that there really isn't much to say about Crabbe) usually discovers, concealed by the apparent evenness of his style, continual evidence of his active and ironical intelligence. Her book will enable most of us to discuss Crabbe's work without ever having had to resort to the original, but will also with luck persuade the odd reader of the pleasure he may find in a leisurely and intelligent reading of the poetry itself.

P. D.

The Flight of Alcock and Brown. Graham Wallace. *Putnam*, 18/-

The biography of Sir John Alcock up to the time both he and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown were awarded the K.B.E. is so closely integrated with the early pioneer days of aviation leading up to the first flight across the Atlantic that Mr. Wallace found it a necessary background to this book. The rapid progress in flying from the first flight of twelve seconds by Orville and Wilbur Wright in December 1903 to Blériot's flight across the Channel within five and a half years and Alcock and Brown's Atlantic crossing in July 1919 was undoubtedly greatly stimulated by Lord Northcliffe who, through the *Daily Mail*, offered substantial monetary prizes at various stages of development. He thereby infused a competitive spirit in the aviators and encouraged a healthy rivalry between the companies constructing the machines.

The hazardous flight when Brown as navigator had to climb on to the wings to free the air intakes of ice and snow only takes up two chapters, but the whole is written in a pleasant readable style.

A. V.



AT THE PLAY

King Richard II
(BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY)

ONE of the surprises in Shakespeare to which one never quite grows accustomed is how differently the great characters can be interpreted without violence to the text. In his case it is richness, not woolliness, that makes this possible. For long periods in the theatre a particular view is current, that appears acceptable; and then suddenly we are startled on being given a shift of emphasis that turns the light almost on a new person, and yet works. This has just occurred at Birmingham with *Richard II*, whom we have regarded for many years, thanks partly to C. E. Montague, as an ecstatic masochist, a man savouring his own torment with the kind of rapt appreciation won from a Lord of Appeal by an Haut Brion '29. We have seen this interpretation applied in degrees varying from neurosis to æstheticism, and it has lent itself to fine performances; but whatever subtlety has been employed, always

in one form or another Richard's decline has boiled down to an orgy of self-pity, and though on the grand scale that can be interesting it cannot be tragic.

Once the awkward hurdle of the King's treatment of Gaunt has been circumnavigated—it can never be cleanly jumped—JACK MAY settled down to show us a Richard who really feels, instead of standing fascinated on the brink of feeling, who is not a dazzling introvert but a poet with a true sense of the size of the events in which, to his agony, he is caught up. He ceases to be a spectator. It happens that Mr. MAY has a beautiful voice, that conveys without effort the inflections of suffering, so that every word comes across, and with meaning; and it happens also that he has a quiet majesty that makes Richard a man to be reckoned with. When, for instance, he upbraids Northumberland from the battlement of Flint Castle even that doughty (and here unwashed) thug must have trembled. He chooses humility as his personal route to salvation, but he doesn't snivel, he is never clever for its own sake. The great speeches at Westminster come from his heart, not merely from his imagination. He looks into the mirror with much more than a literary interest; and perhaps most moving of all, the little scene in prison with the groom is done without a touch of irony. To say that Mr. MAY has stripped the part of

accumulated tricks in order to play it as straight as possible gives little idea of how dramatic and exciting he makes it. From his Henry VI a few years ago we knew him as a good actor, but this performance takes him a stage farther.

That much of its success is owed to DOUGLAS SEALE can be taken for granted, for he is our current master of Shakespeare's histories. While we may wonder that he is not working in London or Stratford, at least on its record the Birmingham Rep. deserves to have him as its resident producer. He has the invaluable gift of focusing attention on what matters, without trying to prove to us what a clever fellow he undoubtedly is. Here he uses simple architectural sets by FINLAY JAMES, and, having given minute attention to grouping and lighting (gold is the key colour), concentrates on character and the intelligent delivery of Shakespeare's lines. It seems a sensible formula; I wish more of our producers would attempt it. His handling of the text is sensible, too. He restores the Aumerle scenes at the end, making them significant, and cuts the early scene with the Duchess of Gloucester, as well as the Welsh captain (whom I am rather sorry to see go, with his overweight parcel of doom—"Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap" always sounds like the third reading of a Capital Profits Bill).

With one or two exceptions, probably improving, JACK MAY is well supported. ALAN BRIDGES suggests a likely prototype for Henry IV, and ALAN EDWARDS a smouldering Mowbray; the Northumberland of GEOFFREY TAYLOR is a properly leaden brute, and RICHARD PASCO's Aumerle and ALAN ROWE's Hotspur are both good. What a horrid little cad Aumerle was!

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A stuffy evening will be greatly lightened by *The Reluctant Debutante* (Cambridge—8/6/55), *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55), or *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55). The first mocks at the marriage-market, the second advocates murder, and the third bigamy.

ERIC KEOWN



King Richard II—JACK MAY

(*King Richard II*)



AT THE OPERA

Don Giovanni (SADLER'S WELLS)

LIKE their *Tannhäuser*, the *Giovanni* of the Carl Rosa Company was held together, when not falling apart, by a single personality, in this case that of JOHN HEDDLE NASH, a young baritone who carries a distinguished name with confident stage bearing, easy gesture, a gleaming smile and the capacity to stand still without looking a fool. To these assets add an agreeable voice agreeably used. The total still falls short of *Giovanni* as imagined by da Ponte and Mozart, a creature of brimstone and high breeding who leaves ninety-nine baritones out of a hundred at the starting-gate.

Mr. NASH is not to be blamed for being among the ninety-nine. At least he was pleasant and plausible, which cannot often be said.

Nor is it any fault of his that the crucial Supper scene misfired. Instead of being liveried and on the stage, Giovanni's household musicians stayed down in the orchestra pit and tootled their quotes from *Figaro* and other contemporary hits so grossly that it was hard to hear a word either Giovanni or Leporello was singing. The Statue entered like a frigid, aggrieved butler who is minded to hand in his notice. The limp way he took Giovanni's proffered hand made it clear that he didn't mean to be won over by a lot of last-minute smarm, thank you.

The tempi of ARTHUR HAMMOND again made some of us stare, start and mutter. *Tannhäuser* had been overquick. This time the trouble was catalepsy. The slowing down of the semiquaver runs in *Non mi dir* certainly helped RUTH PACKER, not the most facile of Donna Annas, over a frightening stile. But perhaps Mr. HAMMOND really prefers to take them that way. He is rather a one for innovation. As compared with the version most of us have known from the cradle up, the opening phrase of Zerlina's *Vedrai, carino* was recast and, to my taste, trivialized. Evidently Mr. HAMMOND has ideas of his own how Mozartian "ornament" should be rendered. There should have been a note in the score to steel us against the shock.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

Strategic Air Command
King of the Coral Sea

AT first I thought that *Strategic Air Command* (Director: ANTHONY MANN) was a plain example of superlative slickness of technique, saying nothing at all; but it proved after a little to be dedicated to the proposition (which plenty of people still consider arguable) that "By staying combat-ready we can prevent a war."

This is the perennial theme of Major-General Castle—Major-General "Rusty" Castle—who comes to give his old wartime friend "Dutch" Holland the unwelcome news that as an Air Force Reserve officer he is called up for twenty-one months' service with SAC—*Strategic Air Command*. "Dutch" (JAMES STEWART) is now a popular baseball hero and very much resents having to leave his well-paid third base with the St. Louis Cardinals; but he soon rediscovers his old pleasure in flying enough to sign up permanently with SAC, to the great distress of his new young wife.

Reconciliation and a happy ending are arranged by way of an injured shoulder, which lets him out and back not to play in but to manage a baseball team. That is really all the story there is; but the film seems to have been designed chiefly



[Strategic Air Command]

Colonel Robert "Dutch" Holland, U.S.A.F.—JAMES STEWART

as propaganda and as a demonstration piece, to show off the latest operational aircraft and what can be done with them in all possible conditions, and the way in which SAC keeps them ready to bomb anywhere in the world at a moment's notice—"a measure to preserve peace," as the synopsis puts it. As such it is done, as I say, with quite superlative slickness, in Technicolor and VistaVision, which this time struck me as noticeably better than CinemaScope, and here has some wonderful sights to work with. The aerial pictures, with the great planes trailing vapour from six engines through the most magnificent cloudscapes in every kind of light (including a crimson sunset), are beautiful to see.

I was surprised to find myself being so much entertained by *King of the Coral Sea* (Director: LEE ROBINSON) . . . after a little preliminary trouble getting in tune, as it were, with the style. There is a certain monotony about the dialogue, possibly due to post-synchronization, possibly not. I don't know that this was post-synchronized, but long passages of the dialogue suggest it. I'm thinking of the way every line or half-line seems to be given the same value (and all the men, led by CHIPS RAFFERTY—who also produced—have the same sort of hard, strong, beefy voice), whether it is a line necessary to the advancement of the plot, or a mere stooge-line such as "You're right there, Ted." Nothing, nothing at all, is ever thrown away; and between each two lines is a pause of what seems to be exactly the same length.

But this proves a good, quite gripping although simple adventure story, about pearl-divers based on Thursday Island

in the Torres Strait. The villains are concerned with smuggling illegal immigrants, but the suspense and the excitement have less to do with the villains than with what goes wrong under water when one of the divers is in action.

I was impressed by the fact that no doubles seem to have been used: it appears to be CHIPS RAFFERTY in person who has to change helmets at—I forget how many fathoms, when his air-pipe gets stuck in the coral and he has to be helped by a young man in the despised aqua-lung, frogman equipment (the Torres Strait divers use and swear by the "helmet and corselet" outfit—a helmet like an orthodox diver's helmet, with an air-pipe to the boat above). The freshness and interest of the shore circumstances—the open-air feeling of the boatyard, the clatter of oyster-shells as they are sorted in the "shell-shed"—provide an unfamiliar atmosphere that is of enormous value; in a thriller it is always the detail that turns the scale. It's an unpretentious film, on a screen of ordinary size, without colour, but it's remarkably effective.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most recommendable of the London shows are still the French *I Have a New Master* (8/6/55) and DISNEY's *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55). *Daddy Long Legs* (22/6/55) is a bright musical with FRED ASTAIRE, *The Dam Busters* (1/6/55) continues, and an interesting eighteen-year-old reissue is GARBO's *Camille*.

Best and most generally enjoyable new release is *Marty* (15/6/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Close-Up

MR. MAXWELL ANDERSON's verse play *The Masque of Kings* is a curiously uneven dramatic reconstruction of a notable bloodletting in old Vienna. Uneven in word as well as deed. There are long stretches of duologue in which the language never climbs much higher than the top of a double-decker, and there are passages of poetic splendour, rich invective and moving metaphor.

On the stage the artificiality of the verse form is no barrier to comprehension and theatrical magic: we keep our eyes firmly on the speaker (at a distance we are all lip-readers), accept his words as the partners of his grimaces and gestures, and are seldom disturbed by the plight of his silent interlocutor. On the television screen, with sound guaranteed, the eye is free to roam, and inevitably we find ourselves staring unhappily at the inscrutable features of the auditor. Nothing, I suggest, can be more trying to an actor than to appear inactive and in close-up through a long speech in verse, and nothing shatters the viewer's theatrical illusion more completely than the resultant poker-faced acceptance of the ordeal.

There were moments during the Emperor Franz Joseph's wordy solos when I feared that the Empress, Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera had been turned to stone.

I can see no way out of this difficulty. To avoid the close-up and withdraw the speakers to the middle-distance would convert the screen into a murky imitation of the stage without its air of intimacy, and to focus the cameras exclusively upon



[The Masque of Kings]

Emperor Franz Joseph—BASIL SYDNEY
Crown Prince Rudolph—FRANK WINDSOR
Baroness Marie Vetsera—JANE BARRETT

the speaker would saddle the play with far too many soliloquies.

Royston Morley's production was otherwise quite admirable. The action in this piece is fitful, always threatening more than is accomplished, but clever lighting, impressive designs (Barry Learoyd) and a most workmanlike disposition of players charged the numerous quiet comings and goings with much of the excitement of a thriller. On the stage the palace window overlooking the courtyard and its belt of rebelling troops would have been back centre: on the screen the Emperor was able to look out (over the footlights as it were) at the millions of viewers and to give them all a heightened sense of their own position of privilege at the keyhole.

As the Emperor Basil Sydney was impressively dour and unbending, though his access of cynicism and light-headed sarcasm in the later scenes seemed altogether too sudden. Frank Windsor, as Rudolph, gave a fine performance,

combining the introspective indecision of Hamlet with the fiery thrust of Douglas Fairbanks. Joan Heath, too, was most persuasive: her Empress was appropriately bitter, disillusioned, victimized and proud. And Jane Barrett, who suffered more than anyone from the rigours of the close-up, made the most of a difficult and far from convincing rôle.

On the whole a most

of a mind work—as a stare as we stare at screen will.

At times Welles has club bore, and idle the grip on our another drug

souvenirs of more would hardly have made the grade in a sub-standard women's magazine, but his manner of putting them across, his wry smile and gathered brows (hinting at complexities untold) disarmed all serious criticism. He is a charmer.

And now, here we are at Wimbledon, with the "fortnight" curving into the home stretch and Messrs. Grisewood, Maskell and Coombe telling us once again that this is the critical seventh game. I must say though that they tell us very prettily.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

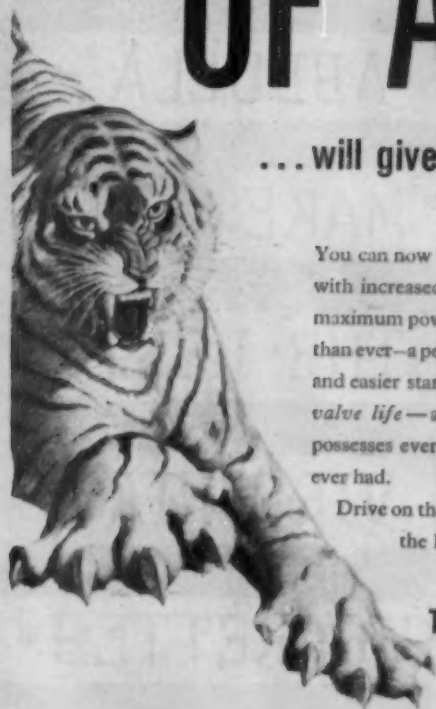
SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 32/6 (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.

Now ... NEW FOR 1955

HIGHEST OCTANE OF ALL TIME!

INDEX

HAS BEEN REMOVED
TION AND PLACED AT
OF THE FILM FOR
CE OF READERS.



...will give your car EXTRA OCTANE PERFORMANCE!

You can now buy a new petrol—a petrol with increased Octane value to give you maximum power and better performance than ever—a petrol that gives even quicker and easier starting—a petrol that *prolongs valve life*—an all-round petrol that possesses every plus that any petrol has ever had.

Drive on the new ESSO EXTRA with the highest octane of all time...



THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD





ON THE AIR

Close-Up

MR. MAXWELL ANDERSON'S verse play *The Masque of Kings* is a curiously uneven dramatic reconstruction of a notable bloodletting in old Vienna. Uneven in word as well as deed. There are long stretches of duologue in which the language never climbs much higher than the top of a double-decker, and there are passages of poetic splendour, rich invective and moving metaphor.

On the stage the artificiality of the verse form is no barrier to comprehension and theatrical magic: we keep our eyes firmly on the speaker (at a distance we are all lip-readers), accept his words as the partners of his grimaces and gestures, and are seldom disturbed by the plight of his silent interlocutor. On the television screen, with sound guaranteed, the eye is free to roam, and inevitably we find ourselves staring unhappily at the inscrutable features of the auditor. Nothing, I suggest, can be more trying to an actor than to appear inactive and in close-up through a long speech in verse, and nothing shatters the viewer's theatrical illusion more completely than the resultant poker-faced acceptance of the ordeal.

There were moments during the Emperor Franz Joseph's wordy solos when I feared that the Empress, Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera had been turned to stone.

I can see no way out of this difficulty. To avoid the close-up and withdraw the speakers to the middle-distance would convert the screen into a murky imitation of the stage without its air of intimacy, and to focus the cameras exclusively upon



[The Masque of Kings]

Emperor Franz Joseph—BASIL SYDNEY
Crown Prince Rudolph—FRANK WINDSOR
Baroness Marie Vetsera—JANE BARRETT

the speaker would saddle the play with far too many soliloquies.

Royston Morley's production was otherwise quite admirable. The action in this piece is fitful, always threatening more than is accomplished, but clever lighting, impressive designs (Barry Learoyd) and a most workmanlike disposition of players charged the numerous quiet comings and goings with much of the excitement of a thriller. On the stage the palace window overlooking the courtyard and its belt of rebelling troops would have been back centre: on the screen the Emperor was able to look out (over the footlights as it were) at the millions of viewers and to give them all a heightened sense of their own position of privilege at the keyhole.

As the Emperor Basil Sydney was impressively dour and unbending, though his access of cynicism and light-headed sarcasm in the later scenes seemed altogether too sudden. Frank Windsor, as Rudolph, gave a fine performance,

combining the introspective indecision of Hamlet with the fiery thrust of Douglas Fairbanks. Joan Heath, too, was most persuasive: her Empress was appropriately bitter, disillusioned, victimized and proud. And Jane Barrett, who suffered more than anyone from the rigours of the close-up, made the most of a difficult and far from convincing rôle.

On the whole, a most interesting evening's entertainment.

Looking back on the Orson Welles series of sketch-book programmes I am quite certain that we shall in time consider this remarkable *tour de force* a landmark in television history. Welles has proved quite conclusively that nearness lends enchantment to the viewer, that an expressive face in front

of a mind at work—and seen to be at work—is a guarantee of good TV. We stare as we would never stare in real life; we stare and hope that the face on the screen will continue to stare back.

At times during this series Orson Welles has descended to the level of a club bore, growling out his reminiscences and idle thoughts like a man with a firm grip on our lapel and the promise of another drink. His chatty, oleaginous souvenirs of Houdini and John Barrymore would hardly have made the grade in a sub-standard women's magazine, but his manner of putting them across, his wry smile and gathered brows (hinting at complexities untold) disarmed all serious criticism. He is a charmer.

And now, here we are at Wimbledon, with the "fortnight" curving into the home stretch and Messrs. Grisewood, Maskell and Coombe telling us once again that this is the critical seventh game. I must say though that they tell us very prettily.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOWGLAS

NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

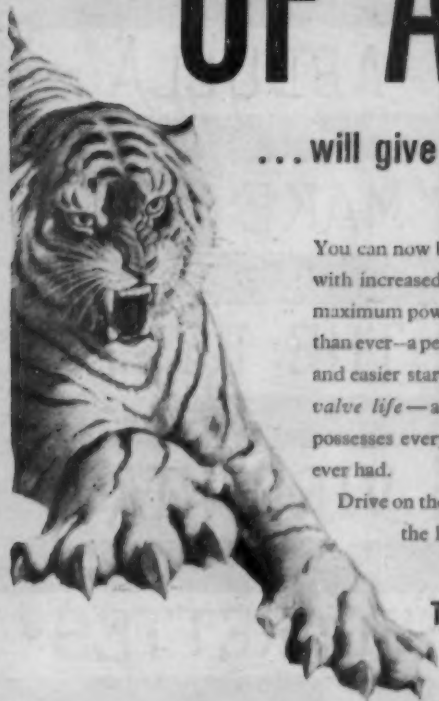
Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner *Canadian Magazine Post *Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 36/- (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 24/- or \$5.00.

Now ... NEW FOR 1955

HIGHEST OCTANE OF ALL TIME!

... will give your car EXTRA OCTANE PERFORMANCE!



You can now buy a new petrol—a petrol with increased Octane value to give you maximum power and better performance than ever—a petrol that gives even quicker and easier starting—a petrol that prolongs valve life—an all-round petrol that possesses every plus that any petrol has ever had.

Drive on the new ESSO EXTRA with the highest octane of all time...



THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD



FIRE AND THE PHOENIX



The Phoenix was credited with being fire-resistant — able to cast itself into fire and re-emerge as a new bird. But, alas, the Phoenix was only a myth. Pyrotanax M.I. Cables on the other hand actually exist and really are fire-resistant.

Pyrotanax

COPPER COVERED M.I. CABLES

PERFECTED BY EXPERIENCE

are fire-resistant

Ductile copper cores embedded in pure mineral insulant, all firmly enclosed in a ductile seamless copper covering — that is "Pyrotanax" — and the reason why the performance and life of these cables are unapproached by conventional cabling. For Pyrotanax Cables are inherently fire-resistant, immune to water, oil and condensation, vermin-proof and virtually indestructible. They are easy to install and require no maintenance.

The use of the trade name "Pyrotanax" is exclusive to the products of this Company and its associates.

A non-technical description of "Pyrotanax" is given in our booklet "Current Carrying." For the technical men "Technical Data" is available — write for your copy.

PYROTENAX LTD • Hebburn-on-Tyne

Phone: HEBBURN 32244/7

 LONDON
Phone:
Abbey 1651/5

 BIRMINGHAM
Phone:
Midland 1265

 MANCHESTER
Phone:
Blackfriars 6916

 LEEDS
Phone:
Leeds 27826

 GLASGOW
Phone:
Central 2238

WHAT WOMEN LIKE MOST ABOUT MEN

By Prince Gourielli

HAVE you ever heard the words: "such a clean-cut young man" or "how well-groomed he always is"? According to a recent survey it is *grooming* that the girls find it hardest to resist. Effeminate? Nonsense! Using the resources of the famous laboratories of my wife, Helena Rubinstein (the celebrated cosmetician), I have designed a new range of toilet preparations for men and men only. The scent I chose has a rugged freshness that's unmistakably masculine; and the original cocktail-shaker flasks are plainly 'his'. What constitutes good grooming? Let's start at the top. **YOUR HAIR.** Dandruff? ... greasy and dull? ... dry and lifeless? Try my new Tonic Hair Shampoo (7/9) followed by Tonic Hair Groom (15/6). The shampoo contains a special agent to control dandruff and the hair groom is vitamin-enriched. **YOUR FACE.** Without a doubt your face's worst enemy is the razor. To protect tender skin I have created a New Enriched Shave Cream (in Classic Bowl 10/9) blended of super-soft oils that penetrate the most grizz'ed beard and lubricate the skin beneath. To carry on the good work I developed a special After-Shave Lotion (15/6) to nourish, tone and soothe. Note: a *lotion*. **YOUR BODY.** For general good-grooming there is Prince Gourielli Men's Soap (3 man-sized tablets for 10/9) ... Talcum For Men (discreetly treated with a new deodorant, 7/9) ... and Eau de Cologne For Men (19/6). Available from leading stores and chemists. P.G.


-ABDULLA -
MAKE
THE BEST
VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES+



700,000 miles a week of carefree air travel!

When you fly B.O.A.C. you're in the competent hands of an airline flying more than 700,000 miles every week over a world-wide route network. You enjoy carefree travel in superb air-conditioned aircraft, delicious free meals and courteous, personal service.

STRATOCRUISERS TO THE WEST

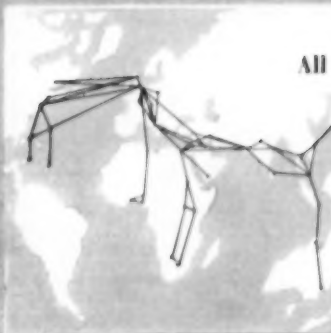
Only B.O.A.C. offers First and Tourist class transatlantic services by these double-deck airliners. First Class by "Monarch" to U.S.A., Canada, Caribbean; "Coronet" Tourist to U.S.A. and Canada.

CONSTELLATIONS AND ARGONAUTS TO THE EAST

Fly "Majestic" by First Class Constellations to Middle East, Far East, Australia and South Africa; "Coronet" Tourist to the east by Argonaut, to Australia by Constellation.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C. Directors: Terminal, Victoria, S.W. 1 (VIC 2123), 71 Regent St., W. 1 (MAY 6615), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details).

Ask about the B.O.A.C. Ticket Instalment Plan—10% down, balance by monthly instalments.



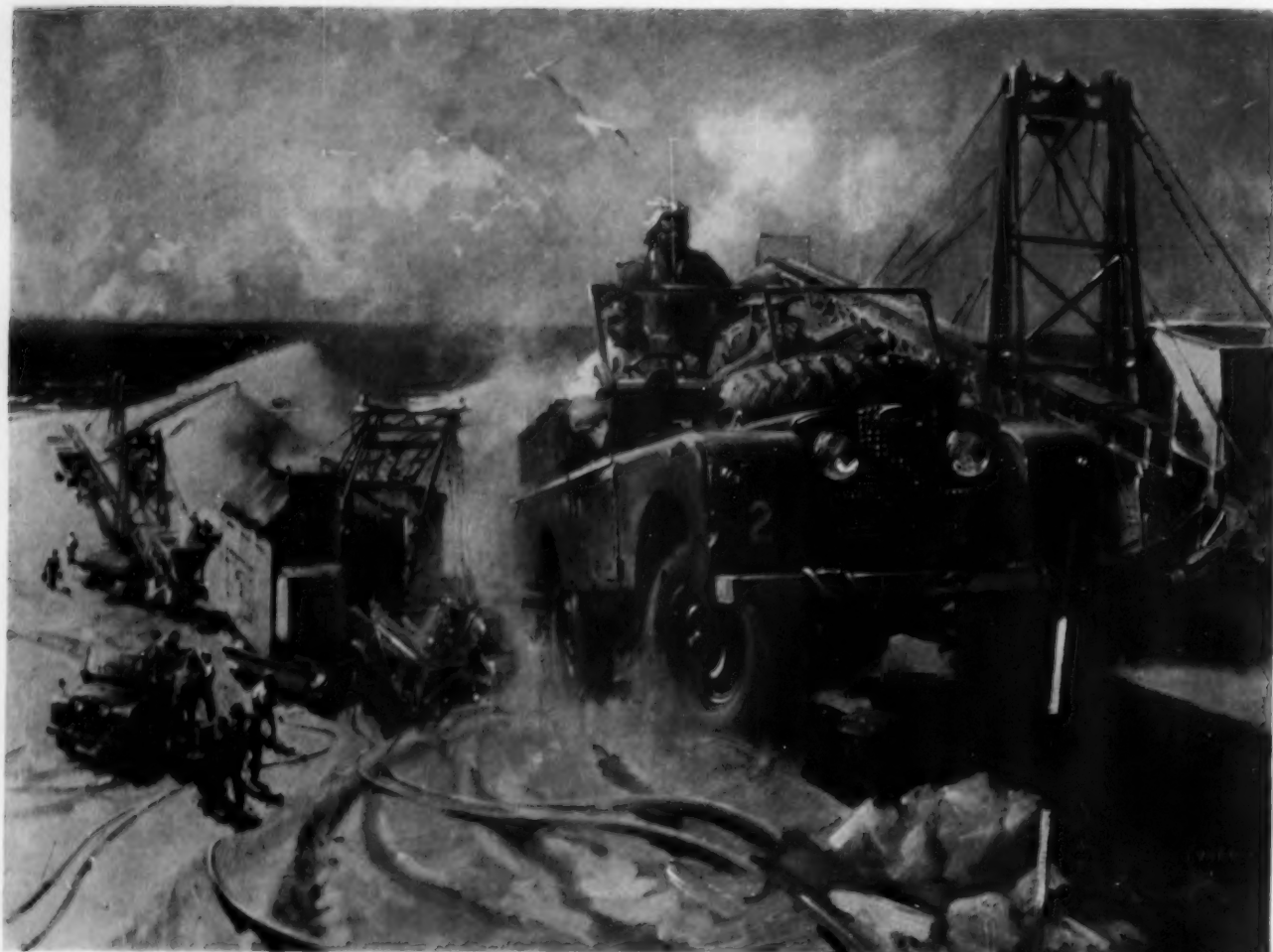
All over the world



B·O·A·C

takes good care of you

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH QANTAS, S.A.A. AND TEAL



Anywhere on earth...

Here on this barren stretch of the desolate "Skeleton Coast" in South West Africa, among rocky hills and dunes whipped into grotesque shapes by the corrosive blast of winds charged with salt and sand, diamonds are mined literally on the sea shore; and wherever men can work, so can the Land-Rover. A mobile or stationary power unit, a load or passenger-carrier, going anywhere . . . pulling anything, the 4-wheel drive Land-Rover can take it. All over the world, the Land-Rover stands for mobility, endurance, *toughness*.

... **LAND-ROVER** can take it

- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- EIGHT SPEEDS FORWARD AND TWO REVERSE
- SPECIAL LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES
- HAULS MANY TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT



86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.



Ah!

SANDEMAN SHERRY



SANDEMAN "AMONTILLADO"

medium dry 20/- per bottle

SANDEMAN "APITIV"

extra dry, pale fino 20/- per bottle

SANDEMAN "BROWN BANG"

a full golden Oloroso Sherry 22/- per bottle

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

BUDGETING FOR EXPENDITURE WITH BOWMAKER

New plant —old problem

When an urgent need for new plant presents financial problems, the use of Bowmaker industrial finance facilities will often provide a prompt, practical solution. By budgeting for expenditure out of earnings, new plant and machinery may be acquired without costly delays or major disturbances of capital. Enquiries to any of our branch offices will receive prompt, personal attention—your local telephone directory will give you the address and telephone number of your nearest Bowmaker branch.

BOWMAKER INDUSTRIAL BANKERS

BOWMAKER LTD., Bowmaker House, Lansdowne, Bournemouth
London: 61 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Branches throughout the U.K.

10-11, 12, 13

Firestone

Experience Counts—

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

★ TUBELESS TYRES proved in service since 1951

★ Production of Tubeless Tyres from Firestone factories throughout the world exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

The Firestone TUBELESS TYRE
with the **SAFETY-LINER** protects against
(BLOWOUTS) (PUNCTURES)

In this safety tyre the tube is replaced with an airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre. No tube to pinch, tear or blowout if injury to the tyre body occurs. Damage which might cause a conventional tyre to blowout becomes as harmless as a slow leak.

No more roadside delays, because the airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre clings to penetrating nails and sharp objects, preventing loss of air and enabling completion of a journey without changing tyres.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good



GREATER PRODUCTIVITY

—without planning—

but in Industry.....



..... planning is essential. Work study as a method of increasing production can achieve significant results by giving greater output, rewarding increased effort and by fostering good labour relations, linking earnings more directly with individual effort.

PRESTONS SPECIALISED STOP-WATCH SERVICE

helps Time and Motion study experts by supplying accurate, Swiss-made, precision instruments, backed by a most efficient repair service.



SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST. "Swiss Timers in Industry" .. showing our complete range.

IMMEDIATE REPAIR SERVICE IS AVAILABLE

PRESTONS LTD,
STOP WATCH DEPT.
1 BANK STREET, BOLTON.
TELEPHONE 858 (2 Lines)

Golf Course
Garden
Beach or Pool
use your
SKOL
Sun Lotion
the golden rule
NO
Ideal for Children

FORM 841, CROMWELL
4/6 & 9/7s

Visiting London?
400 SELF-CONTAINED SERVICE APARTMENTS.
Each with own Bathroom and Kitchen with Fridge, Maid Service, etc. One room, two rooms or suite. In the heart of London. Comfortable & convenient. From 27/6 per day. Write for Brochure or 'phone A.M. 775

PARK WEST
MARLBOROUGH - LONDON

POST YOUR FILMS



TO
WILL R. ROSE LTD
23, BRIDGE STREET NOW,
CHESTER

AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS" (REGD.)

Will R. Rose LTD

Photographic Specialists for over 50 years

ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH ST., OXFORD, AND 25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

For a cool,
refreshing,
L-O-N-G
drink...

Make friends
with
Martell
BRANDY

with
ginger ale
or soda



Don't pull
your socks
up! — wear

Sphere

SPHERE
SUSPENDERS,
BRACES, BELTS
AND GARTERS
STAND
PRE-EMINENT

BROADWAY SUSPENDERS

MADE BY FAIRE BROS. & CO. LTD., LEICESTER



Are you
worthy

If you appreciate perfectly blended full flavoured tobaccos you are worthy to enjoy the rich smoking luxury of Craven Mixture. Why wait any longer for this pleasure?

Craven?

Craven Mixture 4/7 oz.
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 oz.

More
than a
matter of
Interest!

3% TAX PAID
Equals nearly 5 1/2% To the Investor
Subject to Tax at 8/6 in the £
EASY WITHDRAWAL
NO FEES OR CHARGES DAY-TO-DAY INTEREST
NO DEPRECIATION

AMALGAMATED GENERAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office:
36, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Playfair 1814

Branches:
107, DALE END, BIRMINGHAM, 4.
53, KING STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

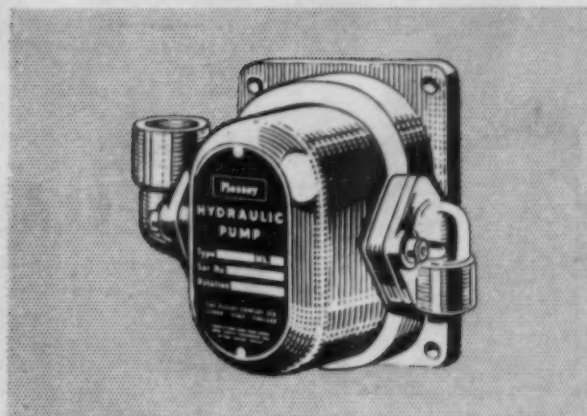
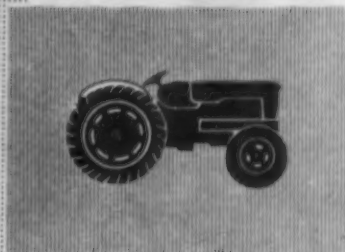
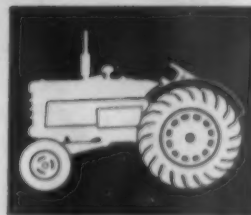
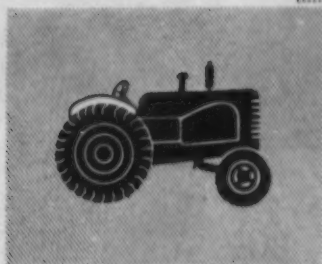
Make a
meal of it
with

Rayner's

INDIAN
MANGO
CHUTNEY



At all good Grocers



most British
tractor manufacturers
rely on

Plessey

hydraulic pumps

The Plessey Company Limited

Ilford · Essex

electronics · radio and television · mechanics

hydraulics · aircraft equipment

The Plessey unique design HYDRAULIC PUMP is the basis of the heavy lift operation of agricultural implements in modern British "powered" cultivation. It is typical of countless vital products supplied by Plessey to the Mechanical, Electrical, Electronic and Aircraft engineering industries.

Managements in these industries are invited to acquaint themselves with the vast development and productive potential of the Plessey Group of Companies when considering forward production of finely engineered equipments.

*

Illustrated are: The Massey-Harris 744 Diesel, the Bristol '22', the McCormick International Super BWD-6 and the New Fordson Major.



SHE'S 7,600 MILES IN DIAMETER...



and surrounded by carbon dioxide. Why did Admiral Dumont d'Urville, finding her armless in the Aegean, take her back to Paris and put her in the Louvre? Or Galileo spy on her through his new telescope?

But we're confusing star, statue and myth, VENUS all three. She married Vulcan, and moved on in bigamous progression to Mars, Zeus, Hermes, Bacchus, Adonis and others. In fact, as Galileo noted, she went through phases like any other woman, and in one of them won a race for a golden apple, presented by Paris; so that, in a way, Admiral Dumont d'Urville may have made her feel more at home than he thought.

VENUS is a wanderer, like all planets. Or all but one. There is a fixed and abiding quality about

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY (EST: 1848).

Whether it is £5 or £5,000, your money must be safe, productive and accessible. It is all three in the PLANET.

1 Planet House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2

You can tell a Vantella!



You can always recognize its perfect manners! See how it studies your comfort, with its coat-style cut, its unshrinking neckband, its roomy chest. Observe its Van Heusen collars and cuffs—always suitably formal, yet never stiff. And observe its tactful price—just 49/-

VANTELLA

(with Van Heusen nap. collars and cuffs)

The perfect shirt—made by **Cotella**

Pattern-card from A/M COTELLA, 1 LONG LANE, SE1



BUCKWYN

The World's most economical

warehouse

As adopted by the Admiralty, Ministry of Works, Ministry of Supply and Foreign Governments.

Frame construction in tubular steel and high tensile cable. Buckwyn metal tiled in aluminium or steel with or without insulation for all climatic conditions. Complete buildings from 7/6 sq. ft. delivered on site or F.O.B. or 9/- sq. ft. erected

PATENTED BUILDINGS

Areas 10,000 to 50,000 sq. ft.

Spans 63 ft. to 120 ft.

BUCKWYN CONSTRUCTIONS LTD. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND

Full particulars from Dept.: 12

Tel.: Wargrave 310

BUCKWYN

WINS IN THE RACE FOR ECONOMY



He's big and brown, but British born and bred.

Born in Berkshire

His ancestors were locusts of the African deserts, whose descents upon the fertile valleys of many Middle Eastern countries used to bring starvation and ruin to luckless peasant farmers.

Today, he and his kin are reared by an I.C.I. research station in Berkshire, so that he may be studied by scientists whose only aim is to discover quicker, more effective means of exterminating his wild relations.

The workers of this selfsame I.C.I. research station helped to develop the range of 'Gammexane' insecticides which have done so much to give control not only of locusts but of insect pests ranging from bedbugs to flea-beetles and mosquitoes.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.



You can blow it up ... thanks to Active Carbon

Think of the gelatine that holds the image of a photographic negative; and then think of its starting point as bones and selected skins from the Tanneries. Its absolute clarity, its freedom from specks of suspended matter, from any discoloration, is an everyday miracle taken so much for granted that, when sending a negative to be enlarged—or watching the enormous magnification of a tiny frame of cinema film upon the screen, one never thinks about it ... It is just one of the many everyday miracles brought about by active carbon. Active carbon purifies drinking water, spirits, sugar and a hundred other foodstuffs. Some substances depend on it for their very existence in a commercial form; and it keeps down the cost of many industrial processes such as waterproofing or dry cleaning by collecting valuable solvents from the air and returning them to use.

THE EXPERTS AT MAKING CARBON ACTION ARE

Active Carbon is essentially a very pure form of charcoal which has enormous internal surface area estimated at more than 10 acres in 1 oz. of carbon. This surface has been made 'active', that is to say its power of adsorbing substances has been considerably increased by special high temperature treatment. There are many types of active carbon and it is important that the right type should be selected for the job it has to do. That is where the technical advice of Sutcliffe Speakman becomes so useful.

**SUTCLIFFE
SPEAKMAN**

SUTCLIFFE SPEAKMAN & COMPANY LIMITED, LEIGH, LANCASHIRE. TEL: LEIGH 84
London Office: 2 Oulton Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Telephone: Abbey 3085



Patent Nos.
642270 and 707183

THE PLUS **Fordham** Caddy

Offers quite remarkable value for money (in any currency).

In addition to the heavy home demands, Fordham caddies are exported to the following countries: France, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Italy, South Africa, Switzerland, New Zealand, Australia, Iran, Canada, U.S.A.

OBTAINABLE THROUGH YOUR 'PRO'
OR SPORTS DEALER.

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LIMITED, Wolverhampton.

£6.10.0
with white
low-pressure tyres
£6.0.0
with black tyres
(Prices include
purchase tax)



What couldn't I do to a Double Diamond!

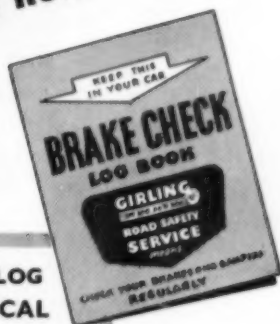


Well done, sir!

A DOUBLE DIAMOND

works wonders

IN THE CAUSE of ROAD SAFETY....



get a BRAKE CHECK LOG BOOK from your LOCAL GIRLING SERVICE AGENT and have your brakes.... CHECKED REGULARLY

GIRLING

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

Way Out Ahead →

GIRLING LIMITED
KINGS ROAD,
TYSELEY,
BIRMINGHAM, 11



Leave him alone for 15 minutes — let him enjoy his
CHURCHMAN'S No. 1

15 minutes of pleasure and satisfaction in every Churchman's No. 1 Cigarette

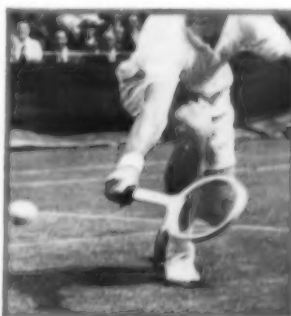
C35G



for men of action



ALL ENGLAND—to say nothing of Scotland, Wales and Ireland—approves quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. There are plenty of stockists to serve you.



SET AND MATCH. Undoubtedly the finest three set matches (matched to manly comfort, freshness and grooming) are "Three Musketeers" by Lenthéric. Details below.

Lenthéric

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and "Huntsman" Set. From chosen stockists.

in court circles

From Wimbledon to Little Whatsit, quiet perfect grooming by Lenthéric is regarded as an ace service to men. Nothing makes a man (either single or double) feel more manly. Nothing gives him a better net return for his money. Nothing puts him on better terms with his partner. It's worth taking a trip down the tram-lines to your nearest Lenthéric stockist—now.

quiet, perfect grooming



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Available in any combination of three, from After Shave Lotion, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, "Tanbark" Cologne, Brilliantine and After Shave Powder.


Price: 22/6

17 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK



**For the man who
wants the best that
money can buy**

This battery is designed and made for the private motorist who is willing to pay a little more for the best that money can buy. With it he gets an *Exide* guarantee which is unconditional and means what it says. Two years' service or a new 'Double-Life' battery *free*.

Exide 
'DOUBLE-LIFE'
CAR BATTERIES

A P R O D U C T O F C H L O R I D E B A T T E R I E S L I M I T E D

Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-20, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by them weekly, with one additional Almanack issue, at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, June 29, 1955.